HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. VII.—No. 363.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GUERRILLA WARFARE—RESCUE OF A WOUNDED OFFICER FROM A BAND OF GUERRILLAS.

CHATTANOOGA.

We reproduce on pages 792 and 793 some more of Mr. Davis's sketches, which he describes as follows:

"THE COURIER LINE.

"Head-quarters Major-General Granger, *November* 12, 1863.

"In many places where the signal officer can not work the excellent arrangement known as 'the courier line' is invaluable.

"Lieutenant Kelly, of the Fourth cavalry, is chief of couriers, and is unceasing in his efforts to render his lines as perfect as may be.

"The stations are distant from each other five miles. In many places the line is a mere trace or trail through the forest. At each station a fresh courier is ever ready to mount as the arriving one is seen approaching, and taking his dispatches he dashes off at a gallop to the next station. In this way we have constant communication with Generals Burnside, Hooker, and Sherman.

"TRAIN OF PACK-MULES ON ITS WAY OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

"The mule is *par excellence* the animal for this country. Up and down the steep mountain-sides he goes with certain step, where to take a horse would be almost impossible.

"The mail comes to us by pack-mules; so also do a large quantity of stores. The rebels call this arrangement of ours 'the cracker line.' My sketch shows a train at a point on Waldron's Ridge at sunrise. From this point is obtained an extended and pleasant view of mountain and valley. At the high point a number of birds are ever on the wing, and seem, as one sees them constantly sailing near the mass of rock, to be on guard.

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA.

"At this place the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad is joined by the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. The town is unlike Bridgeport, as it has houses in it; so that one does not domicile under the railroad platform, but in a hotel; and such a hotel! The room that one sleeps in has crowded into it every mortal that it can by any possibility be made to contain, besides divers other inhabitants of an enlivening nature.

"I wish that space could be found for a sketch of the 'Dive for Grub.' Words fail to give any idea of it. Stevenson is an important place for many reasons, and is strongly fortified and held by General Knipe's division."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 12, 1863.

THE WORK BEFORE CONGRESS.

Before another number of this Journal is published Congress will have met and organized. It will be the first session of the Thirty-eighth Congress.

The work this Congress will have to do will take rank in history, and, if it be well done, will elevate the fame of the body to a level with that of the most distinguished legislative assemblies of the past. For upon it will devolve, in all probability, the readjustment of the political system of the United States, which has been thrown out of gear by the rebellion.

This work, however, can not be commenced on any considerable scale until our armies have made further progress yet. The time has not arrived for attempts to reconstitute State Governments even in Tennessee or Louisiana; and the chances are that, if premature experiments of the kind are made, the rebel sympathizers in those States will contrive to turn them to the advantage of the traitors. Possibly before the adjournment of the session which begins next week, the progress of our arms may have been such as to justify appeals to Southern voters. But it would be very unsafe to try any such experiments just now. So long as the planters of Louisiana and Tennessee can reasonably entertain any hope, however remote, of the success of the rebellion, they can not be expected to use the suffrage against the cause in which their sons and brothers are fighting. When every one, South as well as North, sees that the rebellion is crushed, it will be safe to call upon the Southerners to reconstruct the State systems which they destroyed, and to restore their connection with the General Government. And it will probably devolve upon the Thirty-eighth Congress to determine the conditions upon which this reconstruction and this restoration can be effected. But not just now.

For the present, the most important work of Congress will be amending and readjusting the great measures of the last session. As was natural, experience has developed imperfections in all those measures—though, with one exception, perhaps, all of them are in the main approved by the people.

The financial measures of last session have proved emphatically a success. Government has set afloat $400,000,000 of paper, and sold nearly $400,000,000 of six per cent. bonds at par. It is doubtful whether this system of finance can be improved; and if the war goes on for another year Mr. Chase will probably pay his way half by fresh issues of paper, and half by loans. It would not do to rely exclusively upon loans, as in a very short time the capacity of the people to absorb bonds would be reached, and they would cease to sell. Nor would it be safe to rely exclusively upon paper issues, as unlimited issues would depreciate indefinitely, and would precipitate the nation into bankruptcy. But by judiciously combining the two a very large amount of bonds can be sold at a fair price, and a very large amount of paper floated without leading to excessive depreciation. No one can yet determine with certainty what is to be the effect of the new interest-bearing legal-tender currency—whether it will facilitate the sale of bonds more than the old kind of legal tender or less. We are rather inclined to think that such issues will not be so readily converted into long bonds as the present currency, which bears no interest. If this view be correct it would probably be prudent to give the Secretary authority to issue more of the old legal tenders, whenever, in his discretion, he found that the sale of his long bonds—which is the great desideratum—was retarded by a scarcity of money.

Owing to delays at the Treasury Department, the national currency has not yet been set afloat, and nothing has yet been practically ascertained with regard to the working of the new Banking Law. How it will conflict with existing State laws, how it will affect the money-market, whether it will give any, and, if yes, what assistance to the Government in the present crisis, are still undetermined problems, on which financiers differ widely. The act of last session will need modification in some important particulars.

On the subject of the army, one or two rather important changes are required. If we are to have black soldiers, and no one now objects to them, they should be paid as much as white ones. It has been suggested that any Northern State should be at liberty to fill its quota with escaped Southern slaves, so as to give to the latter the bounties offered in all Northern States. At present, the Government gets the benefit of the services of black soldiers escaping from slavery without paying them bounties or even soldier's wages. This is unjust and unbusinesslike, and must be altered if we are to have a black army. It is probable that the Conscription Act will be altered, and the price of substitutes thrown open to competition. The $300 clause has not worked well. Cities, counties, and municipalities, under the lead of terrified demagogues, have, in many instances, stepped forward and paid the money for their whole quota. Thus the Government has been compelled to order another draft, and is decidedly short of men. If the $300 clause is retained, it seems likely that a draft may be needed every three months.

New legislation is required on the subject of trade with the States in insurrection. This year that trade has been pretty much under the control of every commander who happened to have charge of a cotton-bearing district, and gross frauds and mischief have been the consequence. It would seem better absolutely to stop all trade with the South until the war ends. Of the Confiscation Act the general opinion is that it was a gross mistake and should be repealed. It has not impoverished the South or enriched the Government to the extent of a dollar; and every useful purpose which it was expected to achieve can be attained by a simple act protecting the rights of squatters on abandoned estates.

Many other minor matters will require revision. Some change must be made in the law regulating enlistments for the navy. The exchange of prisoners must be placed on a fair and permanent basis, and power given to the President to retaliate when our soldiers, prisoners in rebel hands, are maltreated. The case of the vessels burned by pirates fitted out in foreign countries to prey on our commerce might incidentally be the subject of legislation. The Internal Revenue Act and the Tariff will likewise require a good deal of alteration, and will give the Committee of Ways and Means no little anxiety.

THE WAR IN JAPAN.

If we except the blowing of Indian prisoners of war from the mouths of cannon by British soldiers in 1858 and 1859, nothing more atrocious has occurred in the history of our time than the recent bombardment of the town of Kagosima, in Japan, by the British fleet under Admiral Kuper.

The excuse for this outrage was the murder of an Englishman who, with the arrogance of his race, had undertaken to violate one of the prejudices of the Japanese, and who paid the penalty of his folly with his life. By way of retribution, the British first extorted a large sum of money from the Japanese Government, and, having got this, proceeded to bombard a town as large as Boston, without warning to the women or children. The ruffian who commanded the British vessels on this occasion actually felicitated himself and his Government on his belief that "at least half the town had been set in flames." And these are the Pecksniffs who abuse Gilmore for using Greek fire against a place from which all women and children had been warned a month before!

It seems likely that the English will find they have an elephant on their hands in Japan. Their business with the Japanese is to sell them British manufactures. They will discover that they can not bombard them into buying British goods as easily as they bombarded the Chinese Government into repealing the prohibition on imports of opium. The Japanese will fight. The English may destroy "half a town" here and there, and put to death numbers of helpless women and children, but the population of the Japanese islands, led by the Daimios, will not give up the contest. And we are much mistaken if the Japanese sailors, who are brave and enterprising, do not presently carry the war outside of their own waters.

Bombarding a flourishing sea-port without notice is a very grand achievement, no doubt. But the God of War frowns upon such atrocities, and they seldom lead to any thing but disaster.

THE LOUNGER.

A QUESTION TO BE PONDERED AT LEISURE.

The speech lately delivered by Mr. Fernando Wood at Bergen, in New Jersey, is a good illustration of the marvelous strength of our Government. In the midst of a fierce civil war directed against the very existence of the Government, an orator under its protection deliberately defends the course of those who are trying to overthrow it; justifies the terrible massacre of loyal citizens, the desolation of homes, the fearful sufferings occasioned by the rebellion; appeals to the basest prejudices and passions of his hearers as before the bloody riots of the last summer in New York; calmly declares that effort of the Government of the people to maintain itself is simply carnage and fanaticism; and sits down amidst the wild applause of the enemies of the Republic and of the human race, and amidst the perfect contempt of all faithful citizens, who maintain their own Government even in tolerating his talk.

Mr. Fernando Wood is the Magnus Apollo of the faction which through the mouths of such friends of law and order as Mr. Chauncey Burr and Mr. Andrews of Virginia, now of Fort Lafayette, and through the newspapers which are their organs, incessantly declare that the Government has destroyed every constitutional right, and has become a military despotism. Will any honorable man who has been secretly afraid that it might be so reflect that no Government whatever, ancient or modern, has ever passed through such mortal peril with such an absolute respect for every right whatever? Even in its darkest hour, at a time when the most arbitrary action is justified by the nature of the course, the conduct of our Government was less panic-stricken, and more reasonable in the exercise of power, than was ever known. There has not been a moment during the war when any honest and intelligent American has really feared for the liberty of the citizen. The assertion of such danger has been confined entirely to political aspirants out of power like Horatio Seymour, to demagogues like Fernando Wood, and to riot ringleaders like Mr. Andrews of Virginia. These gentlemen and their newspaper organs represent neither the faith nor the fidelity of the American people. Before yielding to any policy whatever which they favor, let every man ask himself what would have been the conduct of the war, and how secure would our liberties, our honor, and our Government have been, had they been intrusted to the guardianship of Andrews, Seymour, Wood, Burr, and Company?

THE CITY.

If the city of New York could be taken as a test, there is no man who would not frankly own that the popular system of government is a ludicrous failure. There is no city in the world where the citizens pay so much and get so little. There is certainly no city in the world where intelligent and decent people surrender themselves to a band of knaves with such good humor as in New York. It has now gone so far that no man has any hope of prevailing against corruption; and all honest men pray that corruption may become so flagrant that revolted common sense will rise and succor the city.

The popular system fails here because its success presupposes a certain degree of popular intelligence and conscience. But the most miserable and ignorant of other countries are shot into New York like rubbish; they become the willing slaves of the word Democracy; they are led by the demagogues who depend upon their votes for success; they are flattered by the capitalists who fear their excesses, and hope to purchase safety by the spell of "fellow-Democrats;" and the result is that the mass of honest, sober, intelligent, and substantial citizens are overborne by those who have no political ideas or principles, no native attachment, or national instincts, and who clutch at the word democracy as a talisman of safety.

It is but a few years since the State was obliged to interfere to save the city from itself. With a Mayor who had escaped the State Prison only in virtue of the statute of limitations, and who controlled the police for his own purposes, the liberty and security of the citizens were really in his power. When the State properly came to the rescue this magistrate of course rebelled, and there was a display of military force before he yielded. Since then the peace of the city has been maintained by the State police, who showed their bravery and capacity in the days of July and the reign of a riot produced by the machinations of the former Mayor and his accomplices. If by any chance the police should again be made the tools of a magistrate elected and bound as the Mayor of New York is, the failure of the popular system in the city will be seen even more plainly than it is now.

THE ERIE RAILWAY.

While the great battle rages against the present management of the Central Railroad in this State, the chief practical consideration of the traveler is, how safely, rapidly, comfortably, and cheaply he is transported. If those conditions are satisfied he will be an eminently conservative friend of the present management. But the warmest and the most conservative friend can not widen the gauge of the track, and therefore, for the through traveler to the West, the Erie Railway is the most comfortable.

The poor Erie has had a hard time of it since that famous opening when the President and his Secretaries—Daniel Webster was Secretary of State—and the statesmen—Seward was there and Douglas—all filled the cars and went speech-making through the wilds of Southwestern New York. The poor road has been a by-word at certain times since those days until at last it has lost its old distinctive title and reappears as the Erie Railway.

The change of name in this case betokens a change of nature. The trains now run promptly and safely. The long delays and one or two fearful accidents formerly chilled public confidence, and, once lost, it is with great difficulty regained. But the new, spacious, well-ventilated, comfortable cars are now unsurpassed upon any road in the country. The officers of the train are quiet and polite, nor are the cars too crowded. The route lies through the noblest scenery, opening at last into the great forests toward Lake Erie. It is somewhat solitary but very grand. You may take the word of an old traveler who has much experience of railroad traveling, that you will not take a more comfortable journey than that upon the Erie Railway.

A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

The daily papers are very justly attacking the nuisance of overcrowded street cars. The various companies which make so much money amass a fair share of it by swindling the public. A man who pays them five cents buys a seat. If he does not get it they have defrauded him. He buys not only transport but accommodation—and although the company put him out of the cars if he breaks his part of the contract, the company goes unscathed if it breaks its own part. If any Legislature man wishes his name to smell sweet in the streets of New York—where nothing else does—let him introduce a law at the next session, compelling the companies to obey their charters. Of course he will be confronted by another law. But let him boldly try conclusions and depend upon the gratitude of the public.

It is vain to say that no such law can be enforced; that at certain hours the cars are sure to be overcrowded. When there is a law the way will appear. We are all ludicrously pusillanimous in the matter; and while every man is, or should be, willing to give his place to a woman, the remedy is in his own hands. It is a cause in which the most corrugated conservative will be willing to agitate.

ABOUT THE BACK-BONE.

The events of the last few weeks, glorious and inspiring, have brought out again the somewhat mossy remark that the back of the rebellion is broken. That depends not upon the victories in the field, but upon the spirit of the people. If we suppose that the war was a freak or a burst of ill-temper, we shall say, "There, be a good boy and sit down!" If we believe it to be the result of causes long and deep, we shall beware lest the enemy who has so long defied us in the field should outwit us in council. It will be very easy to surrender the victory and call it magnanimity; to betray the cause of the country and call it conciliation; to plaster over the cancer and call it peace.

Any use of the triumph of our arms which proceeds upon any other principle than that slavery is the rebellion will be merely a truce. The laws of human nature are as absolute as those of gravity and the tides. When Charles Second returned to his father's throne the bonfires blazed, the streets ran wine, but his return was only a reaction twenty years long. If slavery should return, modest and deferential, we may cry Peace, peace; but the ghost of Patrick Henry would murmur our answer.

Happily slavery in all the chief Slave States is abolished; nor is there any power on earth, except military force, that can restore it. It has passed beyond the control of the people of those States, for the freedmen are freed by the national authority, and the slave-trade is illegal. If any State should assume to deprive any part of its citizens of their personal and civil rights, the people would not forget that the Constitution secures a republican form of government to every State. There is an amusing theory sometimes advanced that the Proclamation is a bull against the Comet, *because* any State can re-enact a slave system. We should like to see how. Does any body gravely suppose that a simple vote of the majority is enough to deprive any portion of the citizens of a State of their natural rights? Of their eyes, for instance, or ears, or of their life or liberty, without crime?

The part of wisdom, therefore, as of peace, is to understand the change that has taken place, and adjust ourselves to it. The party at the South and North which has no other principle than the inviolability of slavery—Governor Seymour, for instance, who says that if the Union can not be maintained but by abolishing slavery it had better be destroyed—will make a desperate stand for it in some form. Forewarned is forearmed. Let these gentlemen understand that it is not an open question. The rebels must submit to the Government. The lives of their young men, the happiness of their homes, the property, and the slaves which they have sacrificed in the struggle, will never be restored. If that is our resolution, the back of the rebellion is exceedingly strained. If not, they are as near victory as ever.

THE LONDON SCANDAL.

The London loungers, and indeed the world of clubmen and gossip, have a fruitful topic in the scandal about Lord Palmerston. He is Prime Minister of Great Britain, and eighty-four years old, and a lawyer, known only as what we should call a "shyster," produces a criminal charge

against him of the most disreputable kind. Now so far as appears there is not the slightest foundation whatever for the assertion. It could more easily be the result of a very simple, very common and very obvious conspiracy than be true! Nothing is so easy for a shameless husband and wife—and several such are to be found in London—as to conspire in defamation of any conspicuous man of free life and manners in the hope of extorting money as the price of silence. The mere idle charge, under such circumstances, is a damaging blow. It is a blow, also, to which every public man is exposed. And as the world of clubs and drawing-rooms likes to speculate upon human frailty, there is no escape for the victim, however innocent he may be.

It may be safely said that every chance whatever is against the truth of this charge against Lord Palmerston. He has been a gay man, indeed, but he is eighty-four years old; and he has been for nearly fifty years a prominent figure in European history. Should he be proved guilty, his career ends in public ridicule and a burst of genuine British cant. Is a man of great common sense, peculiarly sensitive to public opinion, perfectly versed in the ways of the world and knowing the exact cost of every step, likely, in his extreme age, to make so silly a surrender of his reputation by putting it in any woman's power? Lord Palmerston is not Mark Antony, nor is Mrs. O'Kane Cleopatra. It is one of the cases in which character and probability must tell even against a direct oath. How they tell with the Queen and the city of London we have already seen. For Palmerston has been a guest at Windsor Castle, and warmly greeted at a civic banquet since the scandal was published. No one can really wish him ill. The jaunty Premier is not a great man. We shall be very loth to believe him a silly one.

LITERARY.

As the holiday season approaches books multiply; and they are of a better kind than the old annuals. The Lounger does not attempt to mention many new books, and acknowledges no obligation to speak of any even when the publishers are so kind as to send them to him. But every true Lounger keeps pace a little with current literature.

"Excursions by Henry D. Thoreau" (Ticknor & Fields), for instance, is a very remarkable and delightful book. Mr. Thoreau was a scholar and naturalist living in Concord, Massachusetts, who believed in Concord, in the Indians, and in himself. He had doubts whether, upon the whole, the race had not deteriorated by civilization; and had a profound admiration for the red men as for those who knew the secrets and resources of nature much more intimately than any savant. His life and his books are an airy protest against science and civilization, while no man had made better use of the best results of each. His observation of the phenomena of nature was most thorough, sympathetic, and profound, and his descriptions are of the best in literature. Indeed, in what is called rural literature, he is unsurpassed for the union of shrewd insight, quaint, racy, and vigorous thought, and a delightful play of humor over all, shimmering, cool, and remote, like the aurora borealis. He had no love of moral precedents or religious traditions. The world of to-day he thought as good as Paradise, and God as near to Concord as to Eden. A fresh, sweet, sturdy, noble man. He lived known to a few only, but being dead he speaks to all of us. His "Excursions" is the most original book we have lately had, as well as the most valuable record of exact observation of nature.

Bayard Taylor's "Hannah Thurston" (Putnam) has a very large sale, and is sure to be very eagerly sought, for Mr. Taylor has unquestionably written his name upon the popular heart. His novel abounds in faithful description of American scenery, and is written in a simple, easy style, which leads the reader pleasantly along, and prevents the undue sense of prominence in the author. Neither is there any thing sensational or sentimental in the story. The character of Hannah Thurston is one of true womanly dignity; and her mother, "the venerable Quakeress," is a pathetic and lovely picture. The hero, Woodbury, is a good-natured, sensible, shrewd American, precisely the man to show Hannah the relation of theory to life. And yet we shall quarrel with our friend the author upon the point of the personages of his tale being peculiarly or representatively American. That the tendency of our mental life is toward what is vaguely called "Reform" is true. It would be tragical if it were not so. But if a writer would depict that tendency in its truly representative types must he not seek further than the Seth Wattles, the weak, ignorant, and absurd people who are swept along upon every great movement like drift-wood and dry leaves upon a stream? If an author wished, for instance, to paint a characteristic picture of English life during the civil war, could he fairly give us groups of Muggletonians and Fifth Monarchy men? Would not every Briton who knew that the development of British liberty was not due to such as they, instantly declare that they were excrescences and not fruits; and that they were in no other sense characteristic than eruptions which show the exuberance of life? Such persons do not explain the great mental and moral movements upon which they are but as warts and wens upon a sturdy giant. So if the object be to draw a truly characteristic picture of American reform—or, to use a pleasanter phrase, the tendency of American civilization—must not the personages explain its phenomena by their own characters? Instead of Seth Wattles and a knavish free-lover the novelist must attempt the portrait of men like Emerson, Parker, Beecher, Phillips, because these men are truly representative of the forces that control American progress. We can but indicate our feeling upon this point, not elaborate it.

Then, again, is the moral of the story quite clear? Allowing that a recluse, thoughtful semi-Quakeress like Hannah Thurston would hold many crude convictions, still is not the substance of her little speech in the earlier part of the tale exactly what she might have said when the curtain falls upon her happy home? Is it any less proper and womanly for Jenny Lind to sing to the world when an unmarried woman, heartily inspired by her gifts and her powers, than it is to sing to her infant when she is a mother? This is the point which the author seems to evade, and yet this is the point of the matter. That women ought not to try to do what they can not do, will be readily granted on all sides. That their sex and structure have peculiar adaptations is equally clear. That they ought not to insist upon doing what they can not do well is also clear, but no clearer than it is of men. But the question asked by Hannah Thurston is whether women ought to refrain from what God has given them capacity to do, and which neither circumstances nor natural conditions forbid, merely because of sex. We do not see that Mrs. Woodbury would answer the question differently from Miss Thurston.

The reader will discover that the matter is handled with great good humor and intelligence by the author. He does not dash petulantly at either side, and the warm friends of any "reform" have no right to be angry with him because he lashes with the satire of truth-telling the caricatures of reason and progress, the movements they so often present. As a sketch of a clique in many American villages the canvas is of a Dutch fidelity; but as a picture of American life "Hannah Thurston" seems to us inadequate, with all its excellences of detail.

Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers" (Harpers) is as characteristic a little volume as he has ever written. Its sweet, racy, vigorous, and simple English is a worthy setting for the manly and gentle thoughts and sympathies of the author. The essays are necessarily personal and discursive. They are full of the sparkling satire upon our daily absurdities and insincerities, which abound in all Thackeray's books. And yet nowhere upon his pages is the undercurrent of quick and generous sympathy more evident. They are the window-seat chat of a man who has not lost his interest in life, with the freshness of his enthusiasm, but who loves and praises with all his heart whatever is kindly, honest, and lovely. The old subject of his "cynicism" we shall not open here. But does any man sincerely believe that the yearning tenderness for old times and friends, the simple sympathy with boyhood, the genial delight in honorable endeavor which breathe through the "Roundabout Papers" are consonant with the emotions of a literary ogre or gorilla? There is undoubtedly a little monotony in the moralizing, but it is in no degree tiresome. The texts are not far sought, the sermons flow from the heart, the preacher earnestly cries "Forgive *us*, miserable sinners!"

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

SURGEON-GENERAL HAMMOND has left Washington, with instructions to proceed to Chattanooga and inspect the hospitals and camps of General GRANT's army, after which he is to go to Nashville, and there await further orders.

MRS. SEMMES, an aunt of Captain SEMMES, has been arrested in Baltimore, with her daughter, and both have been held to answer the charge of an attempt to poison the United States Surgeon of West Building Hospital, to whom they sent a bottle of wine drugged with arsenic. The mother of General WINDER has also been arrested, not, however, upon any charge of complicity in this affair, and has been paroled not to correspond with her friends in the South.

General MICHAEL CORCORAN was in Washington last week.

The Boston *Traveler* states that Lieutenant COLEMAN and twenty privates (colored), captured in Louisiana recently, were hung by the rebels. They belonged to General ULLMAN's brigade, and were captured on a reconnoissance to Jackson, Louisiana, by Colonel LOGAN's rebel cavalry.

There can be no longer any doubt of the death of General SAM HOUSTON, of Texas. A letter from an army correspondent at Matamoras says: "General SAM HOUSTON is certainly dead. He died at Huntsville, Texas. I am with a man who was present when he died. J. TERRELL SMITH and another have administered on his estate."

Captain CAMP, formerly a secret agent of the War Department, has been arrested and consigned to the Old Capitol.

General GIBBON has been ordered from Cleveland to the command of the conscript dépôt at Philadelphia.

At a general court-martial convened at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor, September 30, 1863, Lieutenant GEORGE H. CROSSMAN, Tenth United States Infantry, was sentenced to be dismissed the service, upon the charges of behaving with contempt and disrespect toward his commanding officer, and striking his superior officer. The finding and sentence was approved; but, upon the recommendation of a majority of the court, and of the Brigadier and Major General commanding, the President has mitigated the sentence to suspension of pay for two months from the 7th day of November.

First Lieutenant W. G. FITCH, Second United States Infantry, has been placed on the retired list on account of disabilities resulting from long and faithful service in the field. He has been assigned to duty with Brigadier-General HUNT, at New Haven, Connecticut.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was at Orange Court House on 21st ult. He was the guest of General LEE.

Major-General THOMAS has issued general orders dishonorably dismissing one colonel, two majors, fifteen captains, twenty-six lieutenants, and one surgeon for various offenses, including drunkenness, feigning sickness, spreading false rumors, permitting men to plunder, misbehavior in face of the enemy, shameful cowardice, gross disloyalty, dishonest practices, and conduct unbecoming officers and gentlemen.

ROBERT B. MITCHELL, commanding the First Cavalry Division, has been ordered to report to Adjutant-General THOMAS, at Washington, for duty.

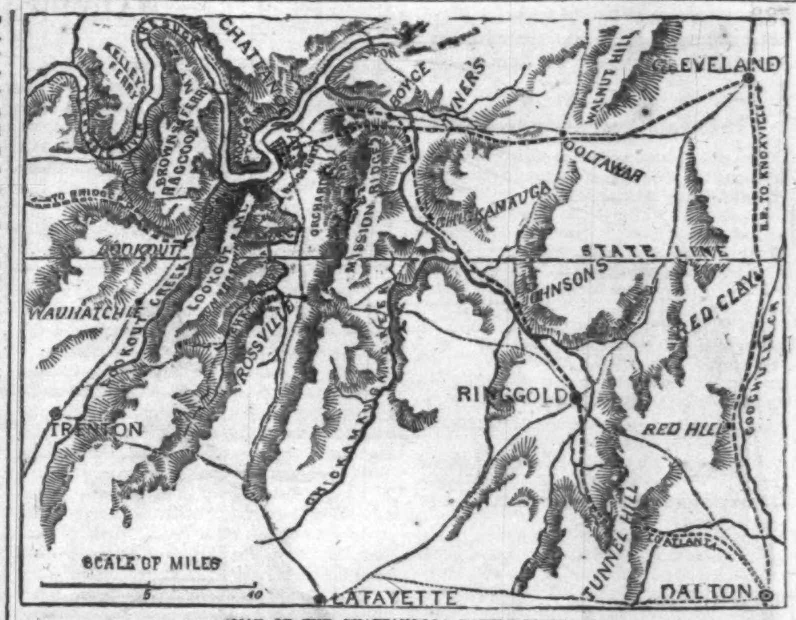
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.—FIRST REPORT.

CHATTANOOGA, *Nov.* 25—7.15 P.M.

To Major-General Halleck:

ALTHOUGH the battle lasted from early dawn till dark this evening, I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg.



MAP OF THE CHATTANOOGA BATTLE-FIELD.

Lookout Mountain top, all the rifle-pits in Chattanooga Valley, and Missionary Ridge entire, have been carried, and are now held by us.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

CHATTANOOGA, *Nov.* 25—*Midnight.*

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

The operations of to-day have been more successful than yesterday, having carried Missionary Ridge from near Rossville to the railroad tunnel with a comparatively small loss on our side, capturing about forty pieces of artillery, a large quantity of small-arms, camp and garrison equipage, besides the arms in the hands of prisoners.

We captured two thousand prisoners, of whom two hundred were officers of all grades—from colonels down.

We will pursue the enemy in the morning.

The conduct of the officers and troops was every thing that could be expected.

Missionary Ridge was carried simultaneously at six different points.

GEORGE H. THOMAS, Major-General.

A COMPLETE VICTORY.

CHATTANOOGA, *Nov.* 27—10 A.M.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

I am just in from the front. The rout of the enemy is most complete. Abandoned wagons, caissons, and occasional pieces of artillery are every where to be found.

I think Bragg's loss will fully reach sixty pieces of artillery. A large number of prisoners have fallen into our hands. The pursuit will continue to Red Clay in the morning, for which place I shall start in a few hours.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

GENERAL MEIGS'S REPORT.

The report of Quarter-master-General Meigs of the late battle near Chattanooga, shows that it was a surprise sprung upon the enemy, our troops moving upon Missionary Ridge in such perfect order that the rebels had no suspicion of an attack, but regarded the movement as a dress parade. The details of the fight are given by General Meigs, who declares that so well directed and so well ordered a battle has not taken place during the war.

LATEST REPORTS.

A dispatch dated Chattanooga, November 30, says:

There has been no fighting in Northern Georgia for the last two days. The enemy are beyond Dalton. The campaign is probably ended. The fruits of the fighting are six thousand and two prisoners, forty-eight pieces of artillery, and seven thousand stand of arms. Our casualties will not exceed four thousand. General Hooker has evacuated Ringgold.

AFFAIRS AT KNOXVILLE.

The last accounts from Knoxville report that a portion of the north part of the town has been burned, including the dépôt. The portions burned are supposed to have been houses in the lower end of it, occupied by rebel sharp-shooters, which were destroyed by our shells. General Longstreet is said to have fallen back, pursuant to orders from Bragg. General Burnside has ample provisions, and can wait patiently the arrival of General Grant. General Longstreet, however, is probably taken in a trap by the movements of General Grant in cutting the railroad, and may be compelled, as a desperate resort, to attack Knoxville; but it is still more probable that he must fight his way out, or that his army will be scattered or captured.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Army of the Potomac advanced on 25th, and severing its communications with Washington, crossed the Rapidan in three columns. On 27th General Kilpatrick's cavalry attempted to cross the river at Raccoon Ford under the fire of the rebel batteries, but were driven back. Severe skirmishing has been going on at different points since 26th, at which time the enemy had fallen back from our centre to within two miles of Orange Court House. Our line of battle appears to have been formed on the road leading to that place. The corps of Generals French, Warren, and Prince had pretty heavy skirmishing with the enemy, but in each case either drove them back or maintained their own position. General French, with the Third Corps, lost heavily, and not only held his ground, but captured nine hundred of the rebels, the Sixth Corps being thrown forward to support him. The Fifth Corps' train was attacked in flank by the rebel cavalry on the plank road, who destroyed fifteen or twenty wagons. General Gregg's cavalry, on the left, had a severe fight with the rebel cavalry, and drove them back upon their infantry, and then fell back upon the Fifth Corps, who, in turn, drove the rebel infantry back.

WAITING FOR THE BATTLE.

On Monday evening the two armies were separated by Mine Run valley, which crosses the Fredericksburg and Orange plank-road twelve miles from Orange Court House. General Lee is strongly intrenched there, and seems disposed to make a firm resistance. The dispatches of correspondents indicate that an assault on the enemy's works at Mine Run by our infantry, under cover of artillery, took place on Monday. All our batteries which could command the enemy's position were ordered to open, and after a half hour's firing, which the enemy feebly answered, an attack was ordered. General Warren pushed on, and found the number and position of the enemy stronger than was anticipated, and paused for further instructions. The attack was then immediately checked, and all firing ceased. This is the latest story we have from the Army of the Potomac. Rebel accounts to Sunday say that as the two armies were then confronting each other, a fearful fight could not be long postponed.

ESCAPE OF JOHN MORGAN.

General John Morgan and six of his officers—viz.: Captains Bennett, Taylor, Sheldon, Haynes, Hockersmith, and M'Gee—escaped from the Columbus Penitentiary on 27th by digging through the floor of their cell to a sewer leading to the river. John Morgan, on retiring, changed with his brother Dick from the top cell to the lower tier. The floor of the lower cell is two and a half inches thick, in which a hole was cut, under the bed, leading down into a two and a half foot sewer, running to the main wall around the Penitentiary. This wall was cut under, and the party escaped into the open country. The night was dark, with heavy rain. All efforts are being made by the authorities for his recapture.

The fugitives have arrived safely at Toronto, Canada.

THE CAMPAIGN IN TEXAS.

Corpus Christi was captured on the 15th ult. by Generals Banks and Dana, who marched upon that place overland from Brownsville. Aransas City was attacked, and taken after a very brief resistance. One hundred prisoners and three guns were taken. The British brig *Dashing Wave* was captured by the gun-boat *New London* off the Rio Grande, with a cargo consisting of seventy thousand dollars in gold and a large quantity of clothing and medicines intended for the rebels.

OUR PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

The surgeons who have just been released from the horrors of the Richmond prisons have published a statement, which has been officially presented to the Government, of the cruel treatment to which our captives are subjected. It is a thrilling chapter of human suffering and unmitigated barbarism.

HOW WE TREAT REBEL PRISONERS.

Commissary-General Hoffman has returned from his tour of inspection in the West. He visited Johnson's Island, Camp Chase, Helena, Arkansas, and all other places in the West where rebel prisoners are confined. He reports that rebel prisoners are in excellent condition—well clothed, well fed, in good quarters, and enjoying every comfort that they could desire—contrasting strangely with the condition of our prisoners in Richmond.

At Helena, Arkansas, buildings are being erected for the accommodation of such of the Southern chivalry as may be captured in the Southwest. The buildings are designed to accommodate 10,000 men.

STORES FOR OUR POOR FELLOWS AT RICHMOND.

The following dispatch has been received by Mr. George H. Stuart, President of the Christian Commission:

FORTRESS MONROE, *Nov.* 29, 1863.

To George H. Stuart, Chairman of the Christian Commission:

DEAR SIR,—I have every reason to believe that the goods sent by individuals and the Sanitary and Christian Commissions are delivered to our prisoners.

I would suggest that you send as much as possible.

S. A. MEREDITH, Brigadier-General.

THE PRESS AT MEMPHIS.

General Hurlbut has issued an order (at Memphis) warning the newspapers published there that they "must cease the publication of reports, anonymous or otherwise, of actions or movements of troops within the Department. No discussion of the policy or measures of the Government will be tolerated, and the editors and publishers of newspapers will be held accountable for the character of extracts published from Northern papers. Neither officers nor troops within this command will be the subject of either praise or censure through the newspapers, as neither editors nor correspondents have the right or the ability to give praise where deserved, or to withhold it where undeserved."

PRICES HERE AND THERE.

The following table compares the Richmond and Cincinnati prices for a few leading articles, the latter in greenbacks and the former in Confederate scrip:

	Cincinnati.	Richmond.
Gold, ℔ dollar	$1 45	$16 00
Wheat, ℔ bush.	1 30	15 00
Corn, ℔ bush.	1 10	18 00
Lard, ℔ lb.	12	2 50
Bacon, ℔ lb.	8	2 75
Coffee, ℔ lb.	34	10 00
Sugar, ℔ lb.	15	8 25
Molasses, ℔ gal.	60	15 00
Whisky, ℔ gal.	75	65 00
French Brandy, ℔ gal.	9 00	100 00
Butter, ℔ lb.	20	5 00
Eggs, ℔ dozen.	25	2 00
Potatoes, ℔ bush.	1 00	16 00
Beef, ℔ lb.	12	1 50

MAYORALTY ELECTION.

On December 1 Christian G. Gunther was elected Mayor of New York by a plurality of 6000 over Boole and Blunt.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

ENGLAND has replied to Napoleon's invitation to attend a European congress. The Queen does not give an unqualified acceptance, but asks for further information as to the precise points to be proposed for discussion. A further correspondence between the two Powers on the subject is expected.

The Papal Government accepts the invitation to attend the congress.

It is thought that most of the other Powers would ask for further explanations respecting the bases of the debate in the congress.

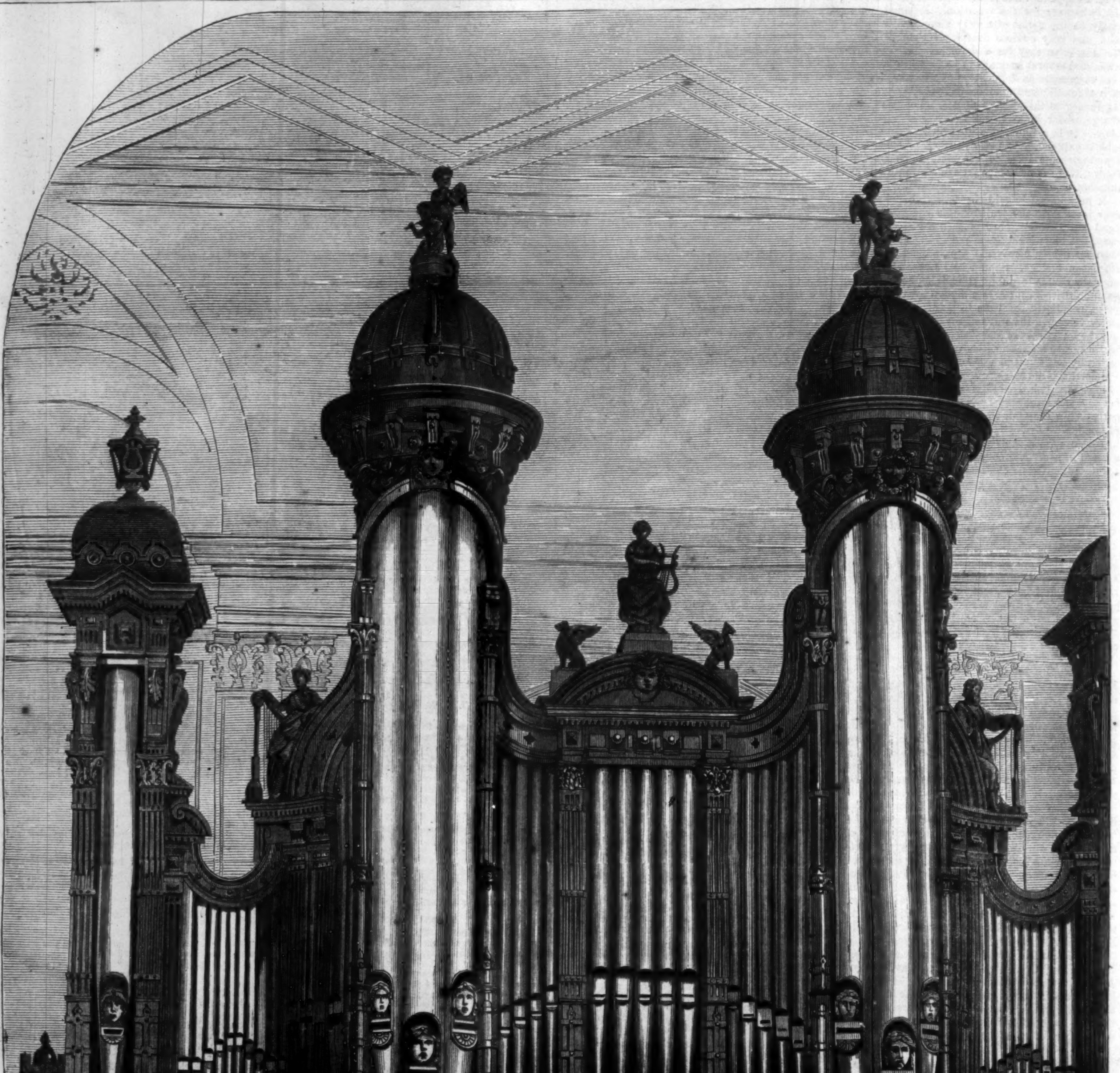
THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The steamship *Great Eastern* has been advertised for sale at auction on the 14th of January, by order of the mortgagees.

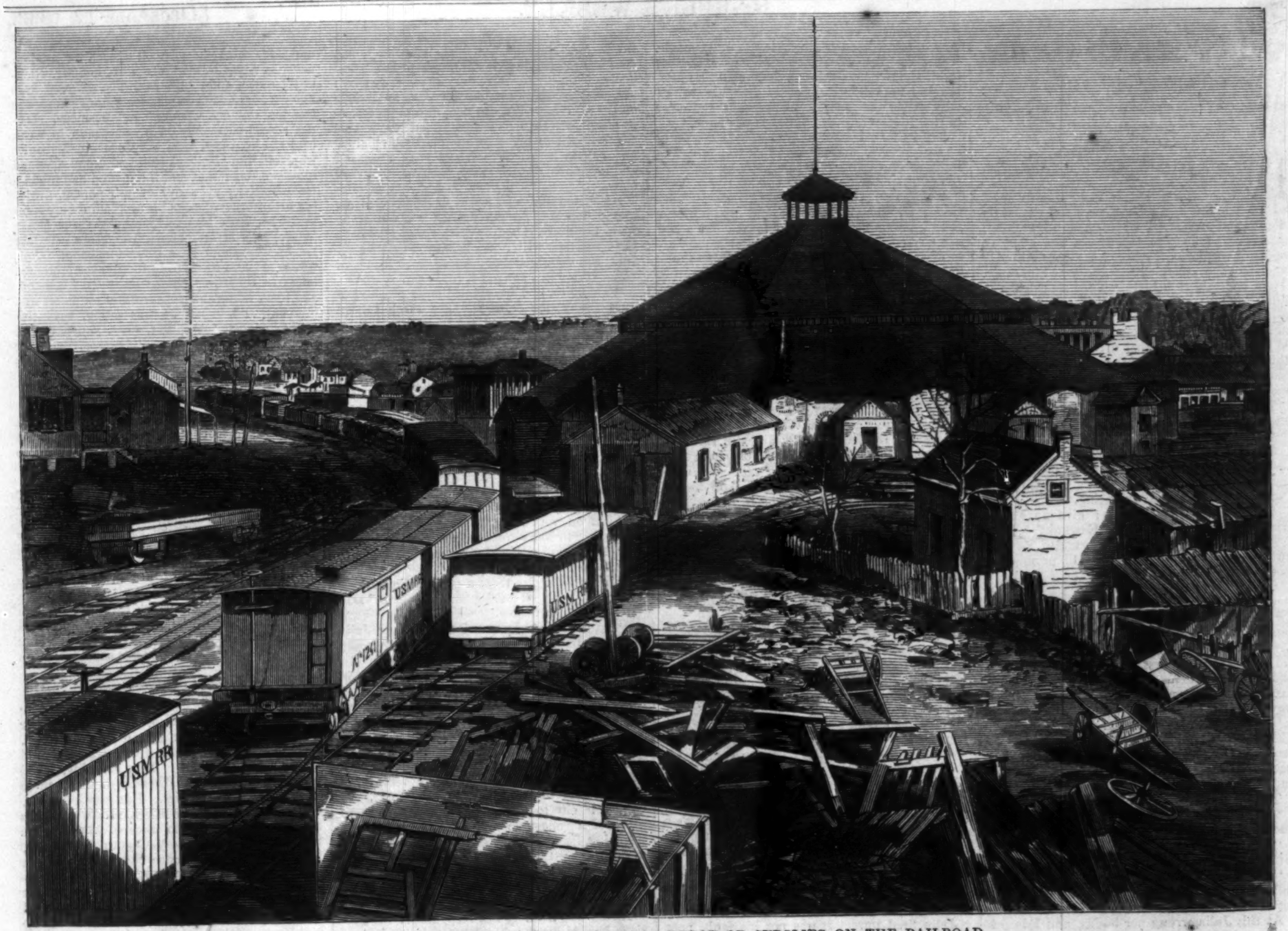
FRANCE.

THE COST OF THE MEXICAN FOLLY.

The Emperor of France asks from the Legislature a supplementary credit of ninety-one millions of francs, to meet expenses in Mexico.



THE GREAT ORGAN IN THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.—[See Page 795.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE GREAT DEPOT OF SUPPLIES ON THE RAILROAD.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE BRIDGE OVER BULL RUN—PRESENT APPEARANCE.—[From a Photograph.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

JULIA, as I have said, went to her own room, wounded unintentionally by a chance speech: she sat down sick at heart; and presently opened her window and looked out upon the starry night, and wondered where Alfred was now; that Alfred for whom nobody else had a human heart, it seemed. "Alfred! my poor Alfred!" and sighed, and half-expected to hear him reply. Then she said to herself, "They all called you false but me; yet I was right: and now they all call you mad; but not I: I believe nothing against you. You are my own Alfred still. Where have the wretches driven you to?" At this her feelings carried her away, and she cried aloud on him despairingly, and leaned upon the window-sill, and the tears ran fast for him.

Presently out of the silence of the night seemed to struggle a faint but clear voice:

"Julia!"

She started, and a muffled scream came from her. Then she listened, all trembling. Again the voice sighed, faintly but clear, "Julia!"

"Alfred?" said she, quavering.

"Yes. Pray be cautious; give no alarm. The house is watched; bring Edward."

She flew down stairs, and electrified Edward and Sampson with the news. "Oh, promise me not to betray him!" she cried.

"Hut!" said the doctor, starting to his feet, "what should we betray him for? I'll cure him for you. I can cure any lunatic that has lucid intervals. Where is he?"

"Follow me," gasped Julia. "Stay. I'll get rid of the servants first. I'll not play the fool, and betray him to his enemies." She sent Sarah eastward, and Jane westward, and then led the way through the kitchen door into the yard.

They all searched about, and found nothing. Then Julia begged them to be silent. She whispered, "Alfred!" And instantly a faint voice issued from the top of a wagon laden with hay and covered with a tarpaulin. "Julia!"

They all stood staring.

"Who are those with you?" asked Alfred, uneasily.

"Only friends, dear! Edward and Dr. Sampson."

"Ned, old fellow!" groaned Alfred, "you pulled me out of the fire; won't you help me out of this? I think my leg is broken."

At this Julia wrung her hands, and Edward ran into the house for his rope and threw it over the wagon. He told Julia and Sampson to hold on by one end, and seizing the other was up on the wagon in a moment. He felt about till he came to a protuberance; and that was Alfred under the tarpaulin, in which he had cut breathing-holes with his pen-knife. Edward sent Julia in for a carving-knife, and soon made an enormous slit: through this a well-known figure emerged into the moonlight, and seemed wonderfully tall to have been so hidden. His hands being uninjured, he easily descended the rope, and stood on one leg holding it. Then Sampson and Edward put each an arm under his, and helped him into the house.

After the body the mind. That is the rule throughout creation. They examined, not his reason, but his leg. Julia stood by with clasped hands, and a face beaming with pity and anxiety that repaid his pain. Sampson announced there were no bones broken, but a bad sprain, and the limb very red and swollen. "Now," inquired he briskly of the company, "what is the practice in sprains? Why, leeches and cold water."

Edward offered at once to run and get them.

"Are ye mad?" was the reply. "Daun't I tell ye that is the *practice?* And isn't the practice sure to be th' opposite of the remedy? So get water as hot as he can bear it, and no leeches."

Julia remonstrated angrily. "Is this a case for jesting?"

"Deevil a jest in it," replied the doctor. "Well, then, if ye must know, th' opera-dancers apply hot water to sprains: now what is their interest? t' expedite the cure. And the faculty apply cold water: and what is their interest? to procrastinate the cure, and make a long job of it. So just hold your tongues, and ring for hot water."

Julia did not ring; she beckoned Edward, and they flew out and soon brought a foot-pan of hot water. Edward then removed Alfred's shoes and stockings, and Julia bared her lovely arms, and blushed like a rose.

Alfred divined her intention. "Dear Julia," he said, "I won't let you: that is too high an honor. Sarah can do that."

But Julia's blood was up. "Sarah?" said she, contemptuously; "she is too heavy handed: and—hold your tongue; I don't take my orders from you;" then more humbly to the doctor, "I am a district visitor: I nurse all manner of strangers, and he says I must leave his poor suffering leg to the servants."

"Unnatural young monster," said the doctor, affecting horror. "G'im a good nip."

Julia followed this advice by handling Alfred's swollen ankle with a tenderness so exquisite, and pressing it with the full sponge so softly, that her divine touch soothed him as much or more than the water. After nursing him into the skies a minute or two, she looked up blushing in his face, and said, coaxingly, "Are you mad, dear Alfred? Don't be afraid to tell us the truth! The madder you are the more you need me to take care of you, you know."

Alfred smiled at this sapient discourse, and said he was not the least mad, and hoped to take care of her as soon as his ankle was well enough. This closed that sweet mouth of hers exceeding tight, and her face was seen no more for a while, but hid by bending earnestly over her work; only as her creamy poll turned pink the color of that hidden face was not hard to divine.

Then Edward asked Alfred how in the world he had escaped and got into that wagon. The thing was incredible. "Miraweelous," said Dr. Sampson in assent.

"No," said Alfred, "it looks stranger to you than it is. The moment I found my pistol was gone I determined to run. I looked down and saw a spout with a great ornamental mouth, almost big enough to sit on; and, while I was looking greedily at it, three horses came into the yard drawing a load of hay. The wagoner was busy clearing the pavement with his wheel, and the wagon almost stopped a moment right under me. There was a lot of loose hay on the top. I let myself down, and hung by the spout a moment, and then leaped on to the loose hay. Unfortunately there were the hard trusses beneath it, and so I got my sprain. Oh, I say, didn't it hurt? However, I crept under the hay and hid myself, and saw Wolf's men come into the yard. By-and-by a few drops of rain fell, and some fellows chucked down a tarpaulin from the loft, and nearly smothered me: so I cut a few air-holes with my pen-knife. And there I lay, Heaven knows how long: it seemed two days. At last I saw an angel at a window; I called her by the name she bears on earth: to my joy she answered, and here I am, as happy as a prince among you all, and devilish hungry."

"What a muff I was not to think of that," said Edward, and made for the larder.

"Dear doctor," said Julia, lifting a Madonna-like face with swimming eyes, "I see no change in him: he is very brave, and daring, and saucy. But so he always was. To be sure he says extravagant things, and stares one out of countenance with his eyes: well and so he always did —ever since *I* knew him."

"Mayn't I even *look* my gratitude?" whined Alfred.

"Yes, but you need not stare it."

"It's your own fault, Miss Julee," said Sampson. "While ye're fomenting his sprain the creature's fomenting his own insensate passion. Break every bone in a puppy's body, and it's a puppy still; and it doesn't do to spoil puppies: as ye're spoiling this one. Nlist me, ye vagabin. Take your eyes off the lady; and look me in the face—if ye can; and tell me how you came to leave us all in the lurch on your wedding morn."

Julia fired up. "It was not his fault, poor thing: he was decoyed away after that miserable money. Ah, you may laugh at me for hating money; but have I not good reason to hate it?"

Whist, whist, y' impetuous cracter; and let him tell his own tale."

Alfred, thus invited, delivered one of his calm, luminous statements; which had hitherto been listened to so coldly by one official after another. But the effect was mighty different, falling now on folk not paid to pity. As for Dr. Sampson, he bounced up very early in the narrative, and went striding up and down the room; he was pale with indignation; and his voice trembled with emotion, and every now and then he broke in on the well-governed narrative with oaths and curses, and observations of this kind: "Why dinnt ye kill um? I'd have killed um. I'd just have taken the first knife and killed um. Man, our Liberty is our Life. Dith to whoever attacks it!"

And so Edward, coming in with Alfred's dinner on a tray, found the soi-disant maniac delivering his wrongs with the lofty serenity of an ancient philosopher discussing the wrongs of another, Julia crying furtively into the tub, and the good physician trampling and raving about the room, like what the stoical narrator was accused of being. Edward stopped and looked at them all over the tray. "Well," said he, "if there's a madman in the room, it is not Hardie. Ahem."

"Madman? ye young ijjit," roared the doctor; "he is no madder than I am."

"Heaven forbid," said Alfred, dryly.

"No madder than *you* are, ye young Pump." This to Edward. "That's an ungenerous skit on his profession," said the maniac.

"Be quite now, chattering," said the excited doctor; "I tell ye ye niver were mad, and niver will be. It's just the most heartless imposture, the most rascally fraud, I've ever caught the Mad Ox out in. I'll expose it. Gimme pnink-papr. Man, they'll take y' again if we don't mind. But I'll stop that: these ineequities can only be done in the dark. I'll shed the light of day on 'em. Eat your dinner, and hold your tongue a minute—if ye can." The doctor had always a high sense of Alfred's volubility.

He went to work, and soon produced a letter headed "PRIVATE MAD-HOUSES." In this he related pithily Alfred's incarceration, and the present attempt to recapture him, with the particulars of his escape. "That will interest th' enemy," said he, dryly. He vouched for Alfred's sanity at both dates, and pledged himself to swear to it in a court of law. He then inquired what it availed to have sent one king to Phalaris and another to Versailles in defense of our Liberty, since after all that liberty lies groveling at the mercy of Dr. Pill-box and Mr. Sawbones, and a single designing relative. Then he drew a strong picture of this free-born British citizen skulking and hiding at this moment from a gang of rogues and conspirators, who, in France and other civilized countries that brag less of liberty than we do, would be themselves flying as criminals from the officers of justice; and he wound up with a strong appeal to the press to cast its shield over the victim of bad laws and foul practices. "In England," said he, "Justice is the daughter of Publicity. Throughout the world deeds of villainy are done every day in kid gloves: but, with us, at all events, they have to be done on the sly: here lies our true moral eminence as a nation. Butter then your 'fiat lux.' Cast the full light of publicity on this dark villainy, and behold it will wither, and your oppressed and injured fellow-citizen be safe from that very hour."

He signed and read it out to them, or rather roared it. But he had written it so well he could not make it bad by delivery. Indeed, he was a masterly writer of English you must know. Julia was delighted; but Alfred shook his head. "The editor will not put it in."

"Th' editor! D'ye think I'm so green as to trust t' any one editor? D'ye think I have lived all these years and not learned what poor cowardly things men are? Moral courage! where can you find it? Except in the dickshinary? Few to the world their honest thoughts avow; the groveler, policy, robs justice now,

> And none but Sampson dares to lift a hand
> Against the d—d corruption of *the* land.

Now, lad, I'm off to my printer with this. They are working night and day just now: there will be two hundred copies printed in half an hour."

"And me, doctor!" said Julia. "Am poor I to have no hand in it? How cruel of you. Oh pray, pray, pray let me help a little."

"Put on your bonnet, then, this minute," said he: "in war never lose a minute."

"But I am so afraid they may be lying in wait for him outside."

"Then we'll give them a good hiding: there are three of us; all good men and stanch," said the indomitable doctor.

"No, no," said the pugnacious Alfred. "Julia does not like fighting; I heard her screaming all the time I was defending myself on the stairs: let us be prudent: let us throw dust in their eyes. Put me on a bonnet and cloak."

"And a nice little woman you'll make, ye fathom."

"Oh, I can stoop—to conquer."

Julia welcomed this plan almost with glee, and she and Edward very soon made a handsome, brazen-looking trollop six feet high. Then it had to stoop, and Edward and Julia helped it out to the carriage, under the very noses of a policeman and a keeper, who were watching for Alfred: seeing which—oh frailty of woman!—the district visitor addressed it aloud as her aunt, and begged it to take care: which she afterward observed was acting a falsehood, and "where was her Christianity?"

Alfred was actually not recognized: the carriage bowled away to the great printing-house; it was on that side the water. The foreman entered into the thing with spirit, and divided the copy, small as it was, among two or three compositors; so a rough proof was ready in an incredibly short time: the doctor corrected it; and soon they began to work off the copies. The foreman found them Mitchell's newspaper list, and envelopes by the hundred, and while the copies were pouring in, all hands were folding and addressing them to the London and provincial editors. The office lent the stamps. The doctor drove Alfred to his own lodgings, and forbade him to reappear in Pembroke Street until the letter should come out in the London journals.

That night the letters were all posted, and at daybreak were flying north, south, east, and west. In the afternoon the letter came out in four London evening papers, and the next morning the metropolis and the whole kingdom were ringing with them, and the full blaze of publicity burst upon this dark deed.

Ay, stout Sampson, well you knew mankind, and well you knew the nation you lived in. Richard Hardie, in the very act of setting detectives to find Alfred's lurking-place, ran his nose against this letter in the *Globe*. He collapsed at the sight of it; and wrote directly to Dr. Wolf inclosing it, and saying that it would be unadvisable to make any fresh attempt. His letter was crossed by one from Dr. Wolf, containing Sampson's thunder-bolt extracted from the *Sun*, and saying that no earthly consideration should induce him to meddle with Alfred *now*. Richard Hardie flung himself into the train, and went down to his brother at Clare Court.

He was ill at ease. He felt like some great general, who has launched many attacks against the foe, very successful at first, then less successful, then repulsed with difficulty, then repulsed with ease, till at last the foe stands before him impregnable. Then he feels that ere long that iron enemy will attack him in turn, and that he, exhausted by his own onslaughts, must defend himself how he can. Yet there was a pause; he passed a whole quiet peaceful day with his brother, assuring him that the affair would go no farther on either side; but in his secret soul he felt this quiet day was but the ominous pause between two great battles; one of the father against the son, the other of the son against the father.

And he was right: the very next day the late defender attacked, and in earnest. But for certain reasons I prefer to let another relate it:

Hardie v. Hardie.

"DEAR SIR,—If you had been in my office when I received your favor of yesterday relating deft.'s ruffian-like assault, you would have seen the most ridiculous sight in nature, videlicet, an attorney in a passion. I threw professional courtesy to the winds, and sent Colls off to Clare Court to serve the writ personally. Next day he found the deft. walking in his garden with Mr. Richard Hardie. Having learned from the servant which was his man, he stepped up and served copy of the writ in the usual way. Deft. turned pale, and his knees knocked together, and Colls thinks he mistook himself for a felon, and was going to ask for mercy, but Mr. Richard stopped him, and said his attorney was Messrs. Heathfield, in Chancery Lane; and was this the way Mr. Compton did business? serving a writ personally on a gentleman in weak health. So Colls, who can sneer in his quiet way, told him 'No,' but the invalid had declined to answer my letter, and the invalid had made a violent attack upon our client's person, avoiding his attorney, 'so, as his proceedings are summary, we meet him in kind,' says little Colls. 'Oho,' says Mr. Richard, 'you are a wit, are you? Come and have some luncheon.' This was to get him away from the weaker brother, I take it. He gave Colls an excellent luncheon, and some admirable conversation on policy and finance: and, when he was going, says this agreeable host, 'Well, Mr. ——, you have had your bellyful of chicken and Madeira; and your client shall have his bellyful of law.' And this Colls considers emphatic but coarse.

"I am, yours faithfully,
"JOHN COMPTON.

"P.S.—Colls elicited that no further attempt will be made to capture you. It seems some injudicious friend of yours has been writing to the newspapers. Pray stop that."

On receiving this letter, Alfred bought another double pistol, loaded it, hired a body-guard of two prize-fighters, and with these at his heels, repaired to 66 Pembroke Street. No enemy was near: the press had swept the street alike of keepers and police with one Briarean gesture. He found Julia and Edward in great anxiety about their father. The immediate cause was a letter from Mrs. Dodd, which Edward gave him to read; but not till he had first congratulated him heartily on the ægis of the press being thrown over him. "The '*Tiser* has a leader on it," said he.

Mrs. Dodd's letter ran thus:

"MY DEAR DEAR CHILDREN,—I am coming home to you heart-broken, without your poor father. I saw an East Indian ship go to sea, and some instinct whispered, suppose he should be on board that ship! But, foolishly, I did not utter my thoughts: because they call these instincts women's fancies. But now even Mr. Green thinks he is gone to sea, as the town has been ransacked, and no trace of him can we find. I met my cousin, Captain Bazalgette, here, and he is promoted to the *Vulture* frigate, and sails to-day I have told him all our misfortunes, and he has promised to overhaul that merchant ship if he comes up with her: but I can see by the way his eye shuns mine he has no real hopes. His ship is the swifter, but he may pass her in the night. And then he is bound for New Zealand, not India. I told Reginald my poor husband's expression of face is altered by his affliction, and that he takes himself for a common sailor, and has his medal still round his neck. Our cousin is very kind, and will do all he can. God can protect my darling at sea, as he has ashore: and in his power alone have I any trust. Any further stay here is vain: my heart, too, yearns for my other treasures, and dreads lest while I am here, and because I am here, some evil should befall you too. Expect me soon after this letter, and let us try and comfort one another under this the heaviest of all our many troubles.

"With sad heart, I am,
"Both my darlings' loving mother and friend,
"LUCY DODD."

In the discussion of this letter Alfred betrayed a slight defect of character. He pooh-poohed the calamity: said David had now a chance, and a good one, of being cured: whereas confinement was one of the common causes of insanity even in sane persons. And he stoutly maintained that David's going to sea was a happy inspiration. Edward colored, but deigned no reply. Julia was less patient, and though she was too loving and too womanly to tell Alfred to his face he was deceiving himself and arguing thus indirectly to justify himself in taking her father out of the asylum at all, yet she saw it, and it imparted a certain coldness into her replies. Alfred noticed this, and became less confident and louder, and prodigiously logical.

He was still flowing on with high imperious voice, which I suppose overpowered the sound of Mrs. Dodd's foot, when she entered suddenly, pale and weary, in her traveling-dress.

Alfred stopped, and they all started to their feet.

At sight of Alfred she stood dumbfoundered a single moment; then uttered a faint shriek; and looked at him with unutterable terror.

He stood disconcerted.

Julia ran, and throwing her arms round Mrs. Dodd's neck, entreated her not to be afraid of him: he was not mad; Dr. Sampson said so. Edward confirmed her words; and then Julia poured out the story of his wrongs with great gushes of natural eloquence that might have melted a rock, and, as anti-climax is part of a true woman, ended innocently by begging her mother not to look so unkindly at him; and his ankle so sprained, and him in such pain. For the first time in her life Mrs. Dodd was deaf to her daughter's natural eloquence; it was remarkable how little her countenance changed while Julia appealed; she stood looking askant with horror at Alfred all through that gentle eloquent appeal. But nevertheless her conduct showed she had heard every word: as soon as ever her daughter's voice stopped she seemed to dilate bodily, and moved toward Alfred pale and lowering. Yes, for once this gentle quiet lady looked terrible. She confronted Alfred. "Is this true, Sir," said she, in a low stern voice. "Are you not insane? Have you *never* been bereft of your reason?"

"No, Mrs. Dodd, I have not."

"THEN WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY HUSBAND, SIR?"

CHAPTER L.

IT was a thunder-bolt. Alfred hung his head, and said humbly, "I did but go up stairs for one moment to wash my hands for dinner; and he was gone."

Mrs. Dodd went on in her low stern voice, almost as if he had not answered her at all: "By what right did you assume the charge of him? Did I authorize you to take him from the place where he was safe, and under my eye?"

Alfred replied sullenly: "He was not very safe, for he was almost burned to death. The fire liberated him, not I. After the fire I ran away from him: he followed me; and then what could I do? I made the best of it: and gave up my own desires to try and cure him. He longed for the sea: I tried to indulge him: I hoped to bring him back to you sane: but fate was against me. I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Mr. Hardie," said Mrs. Dodd, "what you have done was the act of a madman: and, if I believed you to be any thing *but* a madman, the sight of you would be intolerable to me; for you have made me a widow, and my children orphans."

With this she gave a great shudder, and retired in tears.

Alfred rose, pale and defiant. "That is *her* notion of justice," said he, bitterly; "pray is it yours, you two?"

"Well, since you ask my opinion," said Edward, "I think it was very presumptuous of you to undertake the care of my father: and, having undertaken it, you ought not to have left him a moment out of your sight."

"Oh, that is your opinion, is it? And you, dear Julia?"

Julia made no reply, but hid her face in her hands and sighed deeply.

"I see," said Alfred, sorrowfully. "Even you are against me at heart. You judge by the event, not the motive. There is no justice in this world for me. I'm sick of life. I have no right to keep the mistress of the house out of her own room: there, I'll go: my heart is broken. No it is not, and never shall be, by any thing that breathes. Thank Heaven I have got one friend left in this bitter world: and I'll make her the judge whether I have deserved this last injustice. I'll go to my sister."

He jumped up and hobbled slowly across the room, while Julia and Edward sat chilled to the bone by those five little words, so simple, so natural, yet so incredible, and to the hearers so awful. They started, they shuddered, they sat petrified, staring at him, while he hobbled across the room to go to his sister.

As he opened the door to go out he heard stout Edward groan and Julia utter a low wail. But of course he had no idea what it meant. He hobbled down a stair or two. But, ere he had gone far, there was a hasty whispering in the drawing-room, and Edward came after him in great agitation, and begged him to return; Julia must speak with him. He turned; and his face brightened. Edward saw that, and turned his own face away and stammered out, "Forget what I said to you. I am your friend, and always must be for *her* sake. No, no, I can not come in there with you; I'll go and comfort mamma. Hardie, old fellow, we are very unhappy, all of us. We are too unhappy to quarrel."

These kind words soothed Alfred's sore heart. He brightened up and entered the drawing-room. He found Julia standing in the middle of it, the color of ashes. Alfred was alarmed. "You are unwell, dearest," he cried; "you will faint. What have I done with my ungoverned temper?" He moved toward her with a face full of concern.

"No, Alfred," said she, solemnly, "I am not ill. It is sorrow, deep sorrow for one I love better than all the world. Sit down beside me, my poor Alfred; and oh God help me to speak to him!"

Alfred began to feel dire misgivings.

"Yes," said she, "I love you too well to let any hand but mine wound you." And here she took his sinewy hand with her soft palm. "I want to soften it in the telling: and ah, how can I? Oh, why can I not throw myself body and soul between you and all trouble, all sorrow?"

"My Julia," said Alfred, gravely, "something has happened to Jane."

"Yes, Alfred. She met with a terrible accident."

"Ah!"

"She was struck by an unfortunate man; he was not in his right mind."

"Struck? My sister struck. What, was there no man by?"

"No. Edward nearly killed the man afterward."

"God bless him."

"Oh, Alfred, be patient. It was too late."

"What, is she hurt seriously? Is she disfigured?"

"No, Alfred," said Julia, solemnly; "she is not disfigured: oh, far from that."

"Julia, you alarm me. This comes of shutting her brother up. May Heaven's eternal curse light on those who did it. My poor little sister! How you weep, Julia! My heart is lead."

"I weep for you, darling; not for her."

"Ah, that is how they talk when those we love are— One word! I shall never see my poor little Jenny again; shall I?"

"Yes, Alfred: if you will but follow her steps and believe in Him who soothed her last hour, and made her face shine with joy like an angel's while we all wept around; oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, he *said* he had but one true friend in the world. Alas! it is so; you have but me now, who pity you and love you more than heart can utter; my own, my beloved, my bereaved."

What could soften such a shock as this? It fell, and his anguish was frightful, all the more so that he ascribed the calamity to his imprisonment, and mingled curses and threats of vengeance with his bursts of grief. He spurned the consolations of religion: he said heaven was as unjust as earth, as cruel as hell.

She cried out, and stopped his mouth with her hand: she almost forced him to kneel beside her, and prayed aloud for him: and when at last his agony found vent in tears, she put her innocent arms round his neck and wept for him.

Every now and then the poor fellow would almost shriek with remorse. "Oh, if I had only been kinder to her! if I had but been kinder to her!"

"You were kind to her," said Julia, softly, but firmly.

"No, no; I was always sneering at her. And why? I knew her religion was sincere: but my little mind fixed on a few phrases she had picked up from others, and I—" He could say no more, but groaned with anguish; and let his remorse be a caution to us all. Bereaved we all must be, who live on and on: but this, bereavement's bitterest drop, we may avoid.

"Alfred," said Julia, "do not torment yourself. We girls care little about a few sarcasms; it is the cold heart that wounds us. You loved Jane, and she knew it well, and joyed in it. You were kinder to her than you think, and so her dying thoughts were for you. It was for you she asked, and made your father send for you, and poor I hoped you would come. And, dearest, her last act was to write a few words to you, and trust them to her who she knew loved you better than heart can utter. Since it was her wish, let us try and read them together, the last words of a saint (I have never seen them), and, if they do not prove words of love, then I will let you think you were not a good brother to her you and I, and poor, poor Edward have lost."

He made a sad sign of assent; and Julia rose and got the inclosure. But, as Jane's last-written words reappeared on the scene in a somewhat remarkable way, I will only say here, that both these poor young things tried in vain to read them, and both in turn burst out sobbing, so that they could not: so they held the paper, and tried to see the words out of their streaming eyes. And these two mourners had the room to themselves till midnight; for even Mrs. Dodd's hostility respected Alfred then, and as for Julia, she was one of those who rise with the occasion: she was half wife, half angel from heaven to her bereaved lover through all those bitter hours.

CHAPTER LI.

No life was ever yet a play: I mean an unbroken sequence of dramatic incidents. Calms will come; unfortunately for the readers, happily for the read. And I remember seeing it objected to novelists, by a young gentleman just putting his foot for the first time into "Criticism," that the writers aforesaid suppress the small intermediate matters which in real life come by the score between each brilliant event, and so present the ordinary and the extraordinary parts of life in false proportions. Now, if this remark had been offered by way of contrast between events themselves and all mortal attempts to reproduce them upon paper or the stage, it would have been philosophical; but it was a strange error to denounce the practice as distinctive of fiction: for it happens to be the one trait the novelist and dramatist have in common with the evangelist. The gospels skip fifteen years of the most interesting life Creation has witnessed, relating Christ's birth in full, and hurrying from his boyhood to the more stirring events of his thirtieth and subsequent years. And all the inspired histories do much the same thing. The truth is, that epics, dramas, novels, histories, chronicles, reports of trials at law, in a word, all narratives true or fictitious, except those which true or fictitious nobody reads, abridge the uninteresting facts as Nature never did, and dwell as Nature never did on the interesting ones.

Can nothing, however, be done to restore, in the reader's judgment, that just balance of "the sensational" and "the soporific," which all writers, that have readers, disturb? Nothing I think without his own assistance. But surely something with it. And, therefore, I throw myself on the intelligence of my readers; and ask them to realize, that henceforth pages are no measure of time, and that to a year big with strange events, on which I have therefore dilated in this story, succeeded a year in which few brilliant things happened to the personages of this tale: in short, a year to be skimmed by as chronicler or novelist, and yet (mind you) a year of three hundred and sixty-five days six hours, or thereabouts, and one in which the quiet, unobtrusive troubles of our friends' hearts, especially the female hearts, their doubts, divisions, distresses, did not remit, far from it. Now this year I propose to divide into topics, and go by logical, rather than natural sequence of events.

THE LOVERS.

Alfred came every day to see Julia, and Mrs. Dodd invariably left the room at his knock.

At last Julia proposed to Alfred not to come to the house for the present; but to accompany her on her rounds as district visitor. To see and soothe the bitter calamities of the poor had done her own heart good in its worst distress, and she desired to apply the same medicine to her beloved, who needed it: that was one thing: and then another was, that she found her own anger rising when her mother left the room at that beloved knock: and to be angry with her poor widowed mother was a sin. "She is as unfortunate as I am happy," thought Julia; "I have got *mine* back."

Alfred assented to this arrangement with rather an ill grace. He misunderstood Julia, and thought she was sacrificing him to what he called her mother's injustice. This indeed was the interpretation any man would have been pretty sure to put on it. His soreness, however, did not go very far; because she was so kind and good to him when they were together. He used to escort her back to the door of 66: and look imploringly; but she never asked him in. He thought her hard for this. He did not see the tears that flowed for that mute look of his the moment the door was closed; tears she innocently restrained for fear the sight of them should make him as unhappy as his imploring look made her. Mauvais calcul! She should have cried right out. When we men are unhappy, we like our sweet-hearts to be unhappier; that consoles *us*.

But when this had gone on nearly a month, and no change, Alfred lost patience: so he lingered one day at the door to make a request. He asked Julia to marry him; and so put an end to this state of things.

"Marry you, child?" cried Julia, blushing like a rose with surprise and pleasure. "Oh, for shame!"

After the first thrill, she appealed to his candor whether that would not be miserably selfish of her to leave her poor mother in her present distressed condition. "Oh, Alfred, *so* pale, so spiritless, and inconsolable! My poor, poor mother!"

"You will have to decide between us two one day."

"Heaven forbid!" said Julia, turning pale at the very idea. But he repeated doggedly that it must come to that, sooner or later. Then he reminded her of their solemn engagement, and put it to her whether it was a moral proceeding in her to go back from her plighted troth? What had he done to justify her in drawing back from her word? "I admit," said he, "that I have *suffered* plenty for your sake: but what have I done?"

Undeterred by the fear of immorality, the monotonous girl had but one reply to his multiform reasons: "This is no time for me to abandon my mother."

"Ah, it is her you love; you don't care for me," snapped Alfred.

"Don't I, dear Alfred?" murmured Julia.

"Forgive me! I'm a ruffian, a wretch."

"You are my Alfred. But oh, have a little patience, dear!"

"A little patience? I have the patience of Job." But even his went at last.

[I ought to have said they were in the passage now. The encroaching youth had gained an entrance by agitating her so at the door that she had to ask him in to hide her own blushes from the public.] She now gently reminded him how much happier they were than they had been for months. "Dear me," said she, "I am almost happy: happier than I ought to be; could be quite so, but that I see you discontented."

"Ah, you have so many about you that you love: I have only you."

"And that is true, my poor Alfred."

This softened him a little; and then she interwove her fingers together, and so put both palms softly on his shoulder (you never saw a male do that, and never will), and implored him to be patient, to be generous. "Oh," said she, "if you knew the distress it gives me to refuse to you any thing on earth, you would be generous, and not press me when my heart says 'yes' but my lips *must* say 'no.'"

This melted him altogether, and he said he would not torment her any more.

But he went away discontented with himself for having yielded: my lord did not call it "yielding," but "being defeated." And as he was not only very deep in love, but by nature combative, he took a lodging nearly opposite No. 66, and made hot love to her, as hot as if the attachment was just forming. Her mother could not go out but he was at the door directly: she could not go out but he was at her heels. This pleased her at first, and thrilled her with the sense of sweet and hot pursuit: but, by-and-by, situated as she was between him and her mother, it worried her a little at times, and made her nervous. She spoke a little sharply to him now and then. And that it was new. It came from the nerves not the heart. At last she advised him to go back to Oxford. "I shall be the ruin of your mind if we go on like this," said she, sadly.

"What, leave the field to my rivals? No, thank you."

"What rivals, Sir?" asked Julia, drawing up.

"Your mother, your brother, your curates that would come buzzing the moment I left; your sick people, who bask on your smiles and your sweet voice till I envy them; Sarah, whom you permit to brush your lovely hair, the piano you play on, the air you deign to breathe and brighten, every body and every thing that is near you; they are all my rivals; and shall I resign you to them, and leave myself desolate? I'm not such a fool."

She smiled, and could not help feeling it was sweet to be pestered. So she said with matronly dignity, and the old Julian consistency, "You are a foolish, impetuous boy. You are the plague of my life: and the sun of my existence." That passed off charmingly. But presently his evil genius prompted Alfred to endeavor to soften Mrs. Dodd by letter, and induce her to consent to his marriage with her daughter.

He received her answer at breakfast-time. It was wonderfully polite and cold; Mrs. Dodd feigned unmixed surprise at the proposal, and said that insanity being unfortunately in her own family, and the suspicion of insanity resting on himself, such a union was not to be thought of; and therefore, notwithstanding her respect for his many good qualities, she must decline with thanks the honor he offered her. She inserted a poisoned sting by way of postscript. "When you succeed in publicly removing the impression your own relations share with me, and when my husband owes his restoration to you, instead of his destruction, of course you will receive a very different answer to your proposal—should you then think it consistent with your dignity to renew it."

As hostile testators used to leave the disinherited one shilling, not out of a shilling's worth of kindly feeling, but that he might not be able to say his name was omitted through inadvertency, so Mrs. Dodd inserted this postscript merely to clench the nail and tantalize her enemy. It was a master-piece of feminine spite.

She would have been not a little surprised could she have seen how Alfred received her missive.

He sat in a cold stupor of dejection for a good half hour.

Then he lifted up his head, and said, quietly, "I'll get the trial over, and my sanity established, as soon as possible: and then I'll hire a yacht and hunt her husband till I find him."

Having settled this little plan he looked out for Julia, whose sympathy he felt in need of after such a stern blow.

She came out much later than usual that day, for, to tell the truth her mother had detained her to show her Alfred's letter, and her answer. "Ah, mamma," said poor Julia, "you don't love me as you did once. Poor Alfred!"

Mrs. Dodd sighed at this reproach, but said she did not deserve it. No mother in her senses would consent to such a match.

Julia bowed her head submissively and went to her duties. But, when Alfred came to her opened-mouthed to complain of her mother's cruelty, she stopped him at once, and asked him how he could go and write that foolish, unreasonable letter. Why had he not consulted her first? "You have subjected yourself to a rebuff," said she, angrily, "and one from which I should have saved you. Is it nothing that mamma out of pity to me connives at our meeting, and spending hours together? Do you think she does no violence to her own wishes here? and is she to meet with no return?"

"What, are you against me too?" said poor Alfred.

"No, it is you, who are our enemy with your unreasonable impatience."

"I am not so cold-blooded as you are, certainly."

"Humility and penitence would become you better than to retort on me; I love you both, and pray God on my knees to show me how to do my duty to both."

"That is it; you are not single-hearted like me. You want to please all the world, and reconcile the irreconcilable. It won't do: you will have to choose between your mother and me at last."

"Then of course I should choose my mother."

"Why?"

"Because she claims my duty as well as my love; because she is bowed down with sorrow, and needs her daughter just now more than you do; because you are my other self, and we must deny ourselves."

"We have no more right to be unjust to ourselves than to any body else: injustice is injustice."

"Alfred, you are a high-minded Heathen, and talk Morality. Morality is a snare. What I pray to be is a Christian, as your dear sister was, and to deny myself; and you make it, oh, so difficult."

"So I suppose it will end in turning out your heathen and then taking your curate. Your mother would consent to that directly."

"Alfred," said Julia, with dignity, "these words are harsh, and, forgive me for saying so, they are coarse. Such words would separate us two, without my mother, if I were to hear many of them; for they take the bloom off affection and that mutual respect without which no gentleman and lady could be blessed in holy wedlock."

Alfred was staggered and mortified too: they walked on in silence now.

"Alfred," said Julia, at last, "do not think me behind you in affection, but wiser, for once, and our best friend. I do think we had better see less of one another for a time, my poor Alfred."

"And why for a time? why not forever?"

"If your heart draws no distinction, why not, indeed?"

"So be it then; for I will be no woman's slave. There's my hand, Julia: let us part friends."

"Thank you for that, dear Alfred: may you find some one who can love you more—than—I do."

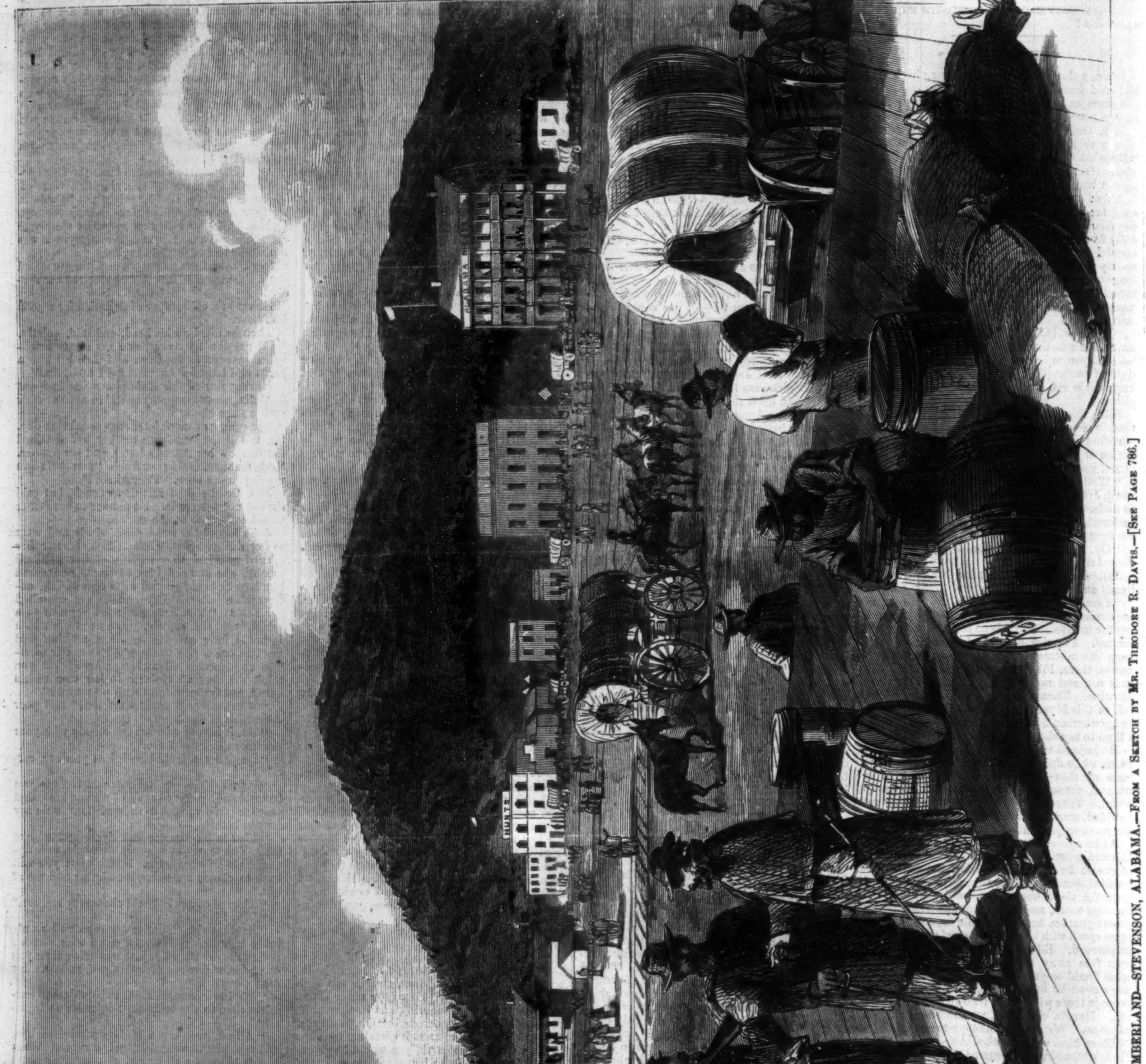
The words choked her. But he was stronger, because he was in a passion. He reproached her bitterly. "If I had been as weak and inconstant as you are, I might have been out of Drayton House long before I did escape. But I was faithful to my one love. I have some right to sing Aileen Aroon, you have none. You are an angel of beauty and goodness; you will go to Heaven, and I shall go to the devil now for want of you. But then you have no constancy nor true fidelity: so that has parted us, and now nothing is left me but to try and hate you."

He turned furiously on his heel.

"God bless you, go where you will," faltered Julia.

He replied with a fierce ejaculation of despair, and dashed away.

Thus temper and sexual misunderstanding triumphed, after so many strange and bitter trials had failed.



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—STEVENSON, ALABAMA.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 786.]

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—THE COURIER LINE.—From a Sketch by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 786.]

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—PACK-MULES IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 786.]

BLOCKADE-RUNNING EXPERIENCES.

In the winter of 1860-'61 I was a resident of a Southern city on the Atlantic coast. I had resided there for nearly fifteen years, except during the very warm months and an occasional business trip to Europe. My business was "cotton commission;" that is, I generally bought the great staple and shipped it to Liverpool, or elsewhere, on order, for the usual charges. Occasionally I purchased on my own account, sometimes realizing large profits, and sometimes suffering large losses. On the whole, my business career was reasonably successful. In the fall of '60 I was in the full tide of prosperity, and felt that a year or two more "just like this" would give me enough on which to live handsomely without business for the remainder of my days. Such hopes were, however, soon and violently blasted.

I have good reasons for feeling that my particular case has been a very hard one. I am a foreigner, and was sent South by a Liverpool house, all my family connections residing in Great Britain. I never "declared my intentions" to become a citizen of the United States; never voted in my life, nor took any special interest in political affairs; neither did I ever have any direct connection with the "peculiar institution." I came to the United States simply to do business, and did it. Consequently, when "my State" went out of the Union in company with several "sisters," I found my career of prosperity suspended, and my entire business and connections threatened with destruction. In the first two or three months of '61 I fervently hoped that matters would be adjusted, and that we should go on again as before. But when Fort Sumter was captured I ceased to hope, and felt that so far as business was concerned the sooner my affairs were closed the better. I therefore converted all my available assets into cotton, and shipped it. Just before the blockade was established against our port I took passage, and sailed for home, leaving behind some debts due me, and some personal property in the shape of bank stock and railway bonds. It was a great consolation, on arriving at Liverpool after a long and tedious voyage, to find that the great staple had been rising in price almost daily while I was on the ocean, and it was some compensation for the loss of my business to have realized very handsomely on the shipments.

On reaching England I determined to settle down among friends, and think no more of my late Southern home; but after a few months' sojourn I became tired and dispirited. The old-fashioned ways of living and doing business there did not suit me. A longing to return to the scene of my labors, and see how my unsettled affairs stood, seized and grew upon me to such an extent that it culminated in my taking passage in the steamship *Anglo-Saxon*, bound for Quebec and Montreal. It was my intention on reaching Canada to consult with some friends, if they could be found, as to the best and safest means for passing the Federal lines into the Southern States. The steamer was filled with passengers. Quite a number were Southerners, and some, I know, had the same object in view as myself. But there was little or no frank interchange of thoughts and purposes, such as usually prevail among passengers on a sea voyage. The impression pervaded the entire ship that there were Federal spies on board; and every man doubted his neighbor. I did not see any spies myself, though I could not resist the feeling that such were near me.

After a week or two of sojourn in Canada I entered the United States, and proceeded quietly and alone to Cincinnati. Here I rested again for a few days, feeling somehow that I was being watched all the time, though I could not discover any evidences of it. I then went to Louisville, Kentucky, and called on some parties who were "all right," and able to inform me as to the feasibility of getting beyond the military lines, and the best mode of doing it. I soon found that my greatest danger was, not so much in passing beyond the Federal jurisdiction, as in taking care of myself immediately afterward, because there were numerous bands of guerrillas roaming about, who, if they met me, would not stop to investigate closely whether I was friend or foe. Consequently, my chances were excellent for suffering; first, in attempting to pass the Federal lines, and second (supposing I did succeed in that adventure), of being shot and robbed by armed men claiming to act for the Confederacy. The prospect was gloomy. While engaged in reflecting upon it I had the honor of a visit from a very polite, affable gentleman, Mr. F——, who introduced himself by stating that he was a deputy United States marshal; that I must *please* consider myself under arrest; and that, however repugnant the task was to his private feelings, he felt compelled to take instant possession of my trunk and all the personal property he could find belonging to me. He was very pleasant and affable; not the least oppressive, yet extremely vigilant withal. The entire room was thoroughly searched, and every thing I had, not already in it, was crammed into my trunk, and a couple of satellites were called in, who carried it off without ceremony. I was then courteously requested to follow my captor, and in a very short space of time found myself before the marshal or provost marshal, I don't know which. My personal effects here underwent a thorough examination, and I was asked a great variety of questions. After a week's detention on parole, I was informed by my friend Mr. F—— that I was again at liberty, but unless I traveled north or east, the "office" would continue to have an eye on me. I have always thought that the officials mistook me for another person with whom I was very well acquainted, whose relations with the Confederate Government were very close, for I never have believed that such as I am are game worthy of the close attention of the Federal Government. The party I refer to was arrested about two months after I was, in the same hotel at Louisville, and in less than two days was on his way to Fort Lafayette; and I think he was a legitimate prize.

The warning I received of continued attentions induced me to hasten my departure. In forty-eight hours from the time of receiving the hint I was quietly reposing in my hotel in the city of New York. My attempt to run the land blockade was a miserable failure.

In New York I took passage in the British steamship *Corsica*, for Nassau, New Providence. Before leaving the dock at Jersey City the custom-house officers were numerous and vigilant, putting sharp eyes on every package, trunk, and person going on board. Some packages were pronounced contraband of war, and taken ashore again. The owners (passengers) were naturally highly indignant, but I do not think the officials exceeded their duty in the least. When a passenger attempts to get surgical instruments and morphine on board, as part of his baggage, it is all very well if he succeeds, but if caught, he has not much ground for complaint if the property only is taken possession of.

The ship was cast loose and adieus were made. I looked around among my fellow-passengers. The scene reminded me strongly of the *Anglo-Saxon* trip. Some few faces were familiar to me, but scarcely two passengers were standing together. No one seemed desirous of speaking to or recognizing a neighbor. Somehow or other a feeling of nervous constraint crept over me. We were passing the frowning walls of Fort Lafayette. Sandy Hook appeared, and was soon left behind. The engines stopped and our pilot was discharged.

Presto! change. My breath was almost taken away. Friends greeted friends. A great weight seemed to have been lifted off from every man. Hurrah! we were now out on the ocean, under a foreign flag, and perfectly secure from capture. Most of the rejoicing ones were, I think, unduly elated at what they called their escape, for, with perhaps one exception, I do not think the Government would have taken the trouble to detain them. However, I was seized upon by one of a group, and peremptorily invited to go and "take a drink." It did not require much persuasion to induce me to join the party. All restraint had vanished. Before half an hour each knew where the other belonged, and nearly all of those about me were in high spirits at the prospect of soon reaching their homes.

Three or four days' sailing brought us in sight of the Bahama group of islands, and finally we made the harbor of Nassau, Island of New Providence. This Island is about thirty miles in circumference, and is bounded on the northwest by a narrow island, two or three miles long and about half a mile distant. The space between the two forms an excellent and secure harbor for vessels of moderate draught. The town of Nassau is situated near the west end of this channel or harbor, and vessels can pass in and out from either end, as they can from Long Island Sound.

Having received a friendly hint that by expedition in reaching the hotel there might be a chance of securing a room, I found myself among the first arrivals from the steamer, and my only chance even then, which turned out to be a fortunate one, was that some of the guests would probably take passage in the *Corsica* for Havana. Immediately on registering my name as from ——, in the South, I was surrounded by men who eagerly inquired the news. A few copies of the latest New York papers were not enough to leave me in quiet for a full hour.

Very few among our passengers secured accommodations at the hotel, and many of them had the utmost difficulty in finding a resting-place about town even of the most indifferent character.

On finding myself settled, my first inquiries were as to the means of accomplishing the object for which I came to this out-of-the-way part of the globe, and almost immediately I ascertained that there was no possible chance of my being able to get away before two weeks. Steamboat captains and pilots were, it seemed, very particular about their times of sailing. Lovers, it is said, dote on moonlight nights, and sometimes dote on the moon herself. Whether blockade runners have as fond and tender feelings for that luminary as lovers are supposed to have, I am not prepared to say; but certain it is, they have a great respect for, and are largely, nay almost wholly, governed by her movements. It was the first time in my life that I found my actions regulated by her ladyship. However, there was no help for it, and so, having nothing whatever to do except to wait, I endeavored to pick up some information about the business of blockade running.

There were several steamers in the harbor—all of them in "*the trade*." Each had its own particular history. There lay the *Indiana* close in to the wharf. She had nearly discharged her cargo, which was chiefly cotton, in a rather indifferent condition. She seemed very dirty, nay, filthy, but was a great favorite nevertheless, because she had been very successful, having ran the blockade in and out some twenty times. During her last trip it was said that the crew never even saw a single sail from the time they left Charleston or Wilmington, I forget which, until within a few miles of Nassau! I fear it would be drawing too largely on the credulity of the reader to state even the lowest estimate given me of the amount of money she had made for her owners. It was something fabulous. A little way out, at anchor in the stream, was the *Mary Jane*. She had made three trips, and had been shot at nearly every time in running in or out. There were four or five tolerably neat patches on her deck, where the shells of the blockaders struck her. She had received nearly all of her cargo, and was almost ready. Her bottom was being scraped, to free her of every impediment possible retarding her speed. This scraping, by the way, is done in a very primitive manner.

On reaching the *Mary Jane* I found her surrounded by small row-boats, and a nearly-nude negro sitting in each one. The sight was somewhat astonishing, but a few minutes explained the whole operation. Two negroes were attached to each boat. One dived with a scraper in his hand, and worked away at the bottom of the vessel as long as his breath lasted (a most agonizing length of time!), and then, as soon as he came up, his mate took the weapon, and in turn dived down. The *Mary Jane* was careened a little, so that when I got on board I was enabled to see perfectly all that was done in the water on one side. It was really astonishing how these colored men could perform so much work under such apparently disadvantageous circumstances.

Other steamers, screw and side-wheel, were lying in the harbor—some at the wharves and some at anchor in the stream. Most of them were ready to start, but nearly all were in waiting for a favorable condition of the moon.

The business of conveying goods to and from the Confederate States, *as a business*, seems to be confined to one or two houses, or rather associations of the great factors of Charleston, Wilmington, and Savannah, nearly all of which is finally concentrated in the house of Fraser, Trenholm, & Co., of Liverpool. With them it is reduced to a regular system. Their vessels are swift, and their pilots and captains are the best and most experienced that money can secure. It has been a comparatively rare thing for them to make losses by capture. Most of the captures of steamers hitherto made have been owned by outside parties, who, after having made a few profitable ventures in the "regular runners," embarked their capital in a steamer of their own; and the result, so far, has generally been that after one, or at most two trips, they have fallen victims to the blockading fleet. Many of them have been captured on the first run.

Although the profits, if successful, are very great, yet it is a very expensive business to run a steamer. I was credibly informed that a first-class pilot alone received four thousand pounds sterling, or say twenty thousand dollars in gold, for the round trip. The captain, engineer, and in fact all hands, were paid extravagant prices. Yet, with all this, if a run is once made to and fro with good cargoes, there is no loss, or very little, if captured on the second attempt. Sometimes these regular runners would take passengers and freight, sometimes not a man or a pound. When they did, the charge for a passenger was one hundred dollars in gold, and two hundred and fifty dollars per ton for freight, paid in advance. Since the commencement of the siege of Charleston I have been informed that these rates were doubled. Generally every steamer takes from five to twenty passengers each way, and as much freight as offers from Nassau; but the shipment of cotton is almost exclusively in the hands of the Frasers of Charleston. However great the competition may be in merchandise introduced into the Confederacy, there is little or none allowed in that which comes out of it.

A couple of days' sojourn at the hotel made me acquainted with nearly every white man in it. The American portion, which was largely in the preponderance, I knew immediately. They were almost to a man rankly secession. So much so, indeed, that any person sojourning there with any thing like what are called "Union" feelings, could not have been any thing else than uncomfortable. For myself, I was known by many there to be from ——, and these understood perfectly that I was a foreigner, an Englishman, and never had taken any part whatever in the deadly quarrel between the North and the South. They understood me to feel, as I believed my Government did and does, strictly neutral; consequently I was not regarded with suspicion when I fraternized with the very few Union men around.

There are in Nassau some five or six what are called auction and commission houses. It is unnecessary to mention their names, although some of them are to be found in the United States Diplomatic Correspondence for 1862. These men or firms have been frequently stigmatized in the North as secessionists of the deepest dye, and aiders and abettors of the rebels. It is true that nearly all the business done there passes through one or other of these concerns; but, although I have no personal acquaintance with either of them, I have had a strong suspicion that their regard for the profits or commissions are much greater and stronger than for the cause; and if it had so happened that the Northern instead of the Southern people could have used that port to advantage, they would have been quite as ready to have done business for them, for a consideration. From all I could learn I think the permanent white inhabitants of the Bahamas are or have become indifferent to the *merits* of the great and terrible struggle now going on in the United States. The rebellion took away from *them* a large, nay, almost their only source of revenue, namely, the wrecking business, and Providence (they think) has compensated them for that loss by giving them this blockade-running business. It is a mere question of "bread and butter," or dollars and cents, with them.

The hotel, as I intimated, was full to overflowing. There were generals, colonels, adjutants, surgeons, dispatch messengers, and in fact almost every grade of rank from the Confederate army. I saw men there fresh from my own home, who were able to inform me about nearly every thing that had occurred since my leaving it. Representatives of or from every Southern State of the Union abounded. A fresh arrival from foreign parts had but to express a desire to know about this or that, in a particular State or town, and some one would be produced in a very short space able to communicate the minutest information—provided always that the inquirer was a known Southerner.

Every body knows that the negroes in the Bahamas, as well as in all of the other British West Indies, were made free somewhere about 1832. At all events, the colored population in Nassau, which is at least ten to one of the whites, are free. Now I never could understand why a black man, if he behaved himself, was not entitled to as much courtesy as a white one. Consequently, while in Nassau, I, as well as nearly all strangers, gave every man and woman, white or black, as much of the sidewalk on meeting as would be yielded in New York or London. But some of the newly-arrived "Southern boys" had different ideas. Their notion was, that a "nigger was a nigger, anyhow;" and so, forgetting that they were under a "strong government," would sometimes act toward the colored people as I never saw white men act toward slaves in my own State. It became a noticeable fact, however, that the same individual never committed an offense a second time. One fellow, anxious, perhaps, to uphold the dignity of the white man, or the rights of the Confederacy, was walking along Bay Street. He met a very black negro, who yielded to him as much of the sidewalk as a white man would have done on Piccadilly or Broadway. It was not enough. He should have stood entirely aside. The Southern *gentleman* considered the negro's conduct insolent in the extreme, and knocked him down without ceremony. The result was that he was arrested by a couple of policemen (who are all negroes) and conveyed at once to the police station. Next morning, after what I regarded as a very fair hearing, the chivalric individual was fined fifteen pounds (seventy-five dollars), or so many days' imprisonment. Some time afterward, at the hotel, I heard him declaiming that there was no justice on that island, except for the nigger against the white man.

The two weeks wore languidly and gradually away. I had selected my steamer, and paid my hundred dollars passage-money. My captain was considered one of the lucky ones. He told me about a day beforehand just when to be on board, and remarked, which I was very glad to hear, that he would land me in Charleston in four days from the hour he was speaking. On the last night of my sojourn at the hotel I went up to the third floor and out on the gallery which surrounds it. In daylight the prospect from this place in clear weather is magnificent. With a good glass a sail could have been seen many miles from port. The entire harbor and shipping lay apparently a few rods below. On that evening, when "darkness was upon the face of the waters," I took a powerful field-glass and looked over the harbor. The small bum-boats, schooners, brigs, and sailing craft generally, were clearly and distinctly visible; and it struck me then as a remarkable circumstance that I could not see a single blockade-running steamer, when I knew that several were there. This, I ascertained, was entirely owing to the peculiar color in which they were painted—a sort of lead-color, or dirty white. The effect is remarkable. On a dark night, on the ocean, it seemed to me, from my limited experience, that the sharpest eye could not see a thoroughly-painted large vessel a hundred yards, when the same craft, if painted black, or any other color, could at the same time be seen half a mile distant. I have been told that the effect is not so apparent in daylight.

It happened while I was in Nassau that a steamer was observed coming in loaded with cotton from Charleston or Wilmington. When about twelve miles from port she was perceived by a Federal cruiser. Those professing to know said it was the *Rhode Island*. Of course the cruiser made chase at once, and, being a fast sailer, endeavored to get in between the runner and the land. The guests, generally, of the hotel, and many others, rushed up to the galleries. The two vessels had become distinctly visible to the naked eye. The gun-boat appeared to be rapidly approaching her prey, her ports were opened. I could see the men at work on the guns, and shot after shot was thrown at, over, and into the little *Anna Eliza*. It was the first and only time I had ever seen and heard shots fired in anger, and I, as well as many others, ladies included, were wild with excitement. I could not help throwing all my sympathies in favor of the hunted craft. She had no power to resist her armed pursuer, and would not have dared to use it if she had; her only defense was in her heels. At one moment it was feared that she had been disabled by the terrible shower of shot; at another it was seen that she still held her course and was flying through the water for the land—any where—so as to get away from her pursuer. At length she succeeded in getting within the jurisdiction of the island, or rather into British waters, when pursuit was of course abandoned. The *Anna Eliza* sailed into the harbor triumphantly with flying colors, and, marvelous to me, uninjured.

But it became time to leave the place, and I did so without regret. My steamer had got all of her cargo and coal on board. Nay, she had left her anchorage, and was lying outside of the bar and light-house. She was waiting for her clearance-papers from the custom-house. Officially speaking we were bound for St. John, New Brunswick! but I, who was a passenger, knew that we would make for Charleston direct. I found myself on deck at nine A.M. one fine morning, in good spirits at the very fair prospect before me of reaching my old scene of operations within four days. From all I had heard recently I had come to regard my chances of capture as very small—scarcely worth thinking about. Had not this very vessel run in and out many times? Was not the captain one of the "lucky" ones? Had he not told me himself, confidentially, that this was his last trip, that when he got through this time his "pile," which he had made in this business, would then be large enough to satisfy him for life? Was not the pilot one of the very best on the whole southern coast? To look at him was to gather confidence, so cool and calm was he. Pooh! I thought. There was no more danger really than in going from Holyhead to Dublin. Of course I was in good spirits. Why should I not have been when so near the goal of my efforts and wishes for weary months?

The bell was rung, the engine moved, and I could see that we were gliding through the water. I turned my glass toward the *Royal Victoria*, and saw over a hundred people, male and female, on the galleries waving handkerchiefs and watching us as we receded from the shore.

Almost from the moment of our starting the ut-

most vigilance was maintained. The whole expanse before and around us was scanned continuously with the greatest care. To the blockade runner every thing on the ocean, except the water itself, is suspicious; we would have ran away from a harmless little schooner if only the tops of her masts had been sighted. A glance at the map will show that the Bahama Islands stretch northward from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles from New Providence. Consequently for that distance we were comparatively safe, provided we kept near enough to the land. It is understood, I believe, to be a canon of international law, that the jurisdiction of every maritime power extends three miles seaward from low-water mark, and her flag protects every vessel within this limit. Therefore, while we were in the neighborhood of these islands all we had to do, if chased, was to get within the three miles of land, and so be in British waters—the same in law, I suppose, as if we were riding in the Hudson or the Thames.

When about two hours under way, and nothing in Nassau was visible, a faint line of smoke was discovered in the sky. Our course was at once changed toward the land, but before another half hour had elapsed we were thrown into the greatest state of alarm by seeing a steamer bear swiftly down upon us, apparently regardless of international law. We got close in to the land, and had serious notions of running on the beach, when to our great (*my* inexpressible) relief, it was discovered that the highly suspicious craft was nothing less than the *Margaret and Jessie*, Captain Wilson, of *Emily St. Pierre* fame, from Charleston, a sister in fact, who on seeing *us* made for the land with all possible speed. Each had been running from danger apprehended from the other. It was regarded on our vessel as quite a joke immediately afterward, but it was none to me at the time.

There was no regard whatever paid to the cleanliness of the steamer; nay, she was absolutely filthy. Accommodation for passengers there was literally none, as it was not *the business* of the vessel to carry them. Nearly every available foot of space was occupied with freight of some kind; for, besides the regular manifest, nearly every man, from cook and coal-heaver up to the passengers, had some private venture of his own. I believe I was the only person on board who had nothing but his wardrobe, if I may except a couple of lady passengers, who I do not think had any idea of "paying expenses" by the sale of the contents of their trunks on reaching Dixie. While I and other male passengers were left to shift for ourselves on deck, in a very cramped and uncomfortable way, the accommodation for these ladies was made as ample and agreeable as the circumstances could possibly admit of. Indeed, they had the entire cabin, not occupied with freight, to themselves; for, from the moment I set foot on the deck until I finally left the vessel, I did not go below once. In fact, neither I, nor any of the rest of the passengers, nor any of the officers or crew, except the cook or waiter, was permitted to enter the cabin. As for the captain, I do not think he ever ate or slept during the entire time I saw him on board.

One of the greatest difficulties of the steam blockade runner is the want of a good quality of anthracite coal, such, for instance, as is used by the coasting and inland steamers running to and from New York city—a kind of coal that does not emit from the chimneys any *visible* smoke. The coal shipped in Nassau is a species of anthracite, but sometimes, when the fires are new, its smoke will be visible. Now, when a steamer is running at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, with a gentle breeze abeam, as the sailors say, the smoke from the chimneys will float in the air for many miles, thus frequently betraying to a cruiser or blockader that a steamer of some sort is in her vicinity. Endeavors are made to get a sight at the source of the smoke, and, if successful, a chase ensues, which in a few hours ends in capture or escape. It is of very recent occurrence that the United States steamer *Fulton*, while on her way to New York, captured the *Margaret and Jessie*, an old stager in the business. The first that was seen of her was the smoke. She was burning *soft coal.*

After the adventure just related we ran along at a fine rate all that day and night, without seeing or being disturbed with any thing. Next day we were out on the broad Atlantic, out of the track of passing vessels. The friendly land we left behind us. All danger for that day was considered at an end, as it was only one chance in a thousand that a Federal vessel would sight us. The only danger now to be considered (which was not much) was in running through the blockading fleet and entering the harbor. I continued in good spirits, and would have felt actually happy had I not been so warm and dirty. It was almost a dead calm. The sea was like glass. The sun was terribly powerful, and the glare from the water made it hot almost beyond endurance. There was no shade whatever. I wandered about, in the limited space allotted to me, with the least possible amount of clothing—in fact, with only trowsers, flannel under-shirt, and slippers. I never perspired so much in my life. The coal dust sometimes rained upon me, and adhered to my face and hands. I became as black and dirty as if at work in the coal-bunkers—possibly dirtier. I consoled myself, however, with the reflection that my fellow-passengers, and in fact nearly every man on board, was in no better condition than myself. The ladies, I am glad to say, never made their appearance on deck.

We had now been nearly sixty hours at sea, and it was quite dark, in fact, very dark. Every man on board felt that the most critical period was approaching, if not actually upon us. Although still quite confident of getting in all safe, I could not resist a feeling of nervous anxiety that had crept over me. The blockading fleet was close to us, or rather, we were close upon it. Perhaps it was all around us. We knew of having just passed one suspicious-looking object. Our rate of speed became slow, then slower still, until at length we were apparently only drifting along. In half an hour, if all went well, the engines would be driven to their utmost capacity, and we should make a dash for port. Every eye on board was peering anxiously, piercingly into the dark expanse. We were still moving slowly, slowly and silently, but steadily toward our haven of rest and security. There was not a shadow of a light on board, and the darkness of the night could almost be felt. I could not see the mate, who I knew was not ten feet from me on the quarter-deck. All had a terrible interest in our progress, in getting through safely. If captured some would lose all they had in the world, besides being held in captivity for an unknown length of time. Minutes seemed to turn into hours. I, who had no fears of captivity before me, being a foreigner, with my passport secure about my person, became almost breathless with excitement and suspense. My whole soul was, as it were, concentrated in my eyes. I gazed out into the black darkness with such terrible eagerness without seeing any thing, that a chilling, a horrible fear crept over me that I had become blind.

Hark! some one near me whispered. I crawled, feeling my way toward the voice, and on reaching it, found the pilot and chief officers there. A hand close to me pointed outward, and a low voice uttered "Look there." I turned my eyes in the direction indicated, and with a sudden thumping sensation at my heart, barely saw for a second or two a dark mass upon the waters. It was a steamer, and evidently a blockader. My breath became suspended; in another moment we would be run down and buried in the waters, or, at best, we would be captured. I closed my eyes, and tried to cease thinking, but the inevitable crash-collision had penetrated my soul, and my thoughts flew to England and home. As it happened, however, I was much more frightened then than hurt. The officers were cool. The course of our vessel was instantly altered, and in a few moments the black darkness hid us from every thing. Our back was turned on Charleston. We put to sea in order to make the attempt again, a few miles further up, and I breathed more freely at having made such a narrow escape from a blockader. But three glorious black blockade-running hours were thus lost, and our time, and consequently our chances of success were diminished so much. However, the trial had to be renewed, and when the proper time arrived, our bow was again turned toward the land. Again was the same care exercised in passing through the fleet. How agonizingly slow we did move. I became almost mad with impatience, and asked the captain why he did not put on all speed and make a run for it. He whispered that he dared not just then, as the noise created by fast running would have betrayed him. A few minutes more and all would be well. He had scarcely ceased speaking when a hushed alarm was given. I *felt* its meaning. Hope almost died within me, and I began to feel certain then that there was really a great deal of danger in reaching the Confederacy by sea as well as by land. At that moment I heartily wished myself back in Nassau or New York, or even in Louisville. The cause of the alarm was the same as before. Several, who were on the look-out, saw quite distinctly a steamer. I did not see it that time, because I suppose my eyes were almost past seeing any thing after such long and terrible straining as they had so recently experienced. The same course of conduct was pursued as before. We edged away as well and as quietly as we could, and were, unfortunately, as the sequel proved, successful in getting out to sea again. It was then too late to make another attempt that night, consequently there was nothing left for us to do but stand off and on out of sight until the following evening.

It lacked an hour or two of dawn when we came to a halt. Time then passed so slowly that I thought the sun would never rise again. At length, however, he did appear, and we could see each other again. Such haggard, anxious-looking faces I never saw before. All of them had been on the same if not a greater rack of excitement and anxiety than I had been. We tried to comfort each other, but with very sorry results. As for the officers, there was nothing unusual in their appearance. They had gone through such scenes before, and had been successful notwithstanding. There was some comfort in looking at them.

When light had fairly broken over the face of the ocean the horizon was carefully scanned with telescopes. I watched the pilot, and felt secure as long as his glass was kept moving. Apparently his observations were satisfactory, as he was just about to hand his instrument over to some one waiting, when all at once his gaze became fixed and steady. I turned my own field-glass in the direction he was looking, and with a beating heart saw the masts and smoke-pipe of a large steamer. It was a Federal cruiser. Apparently she saw us quite as soon as we did her, for she made chase almost immediately.

Our captain had a good deal of confidence in the speed of his vessel; consequently, when the chase began, he deliberately allowed the pursuer to get within four miles' distance, when she could be distinctly seen. It was deemed necessary to ascertain just how fast she could go, as it was fair to presume that she was doing her very best while in pursuit. I did not like the experiment at all, but it was soon found that we could travel, easily, at least three knots an hour faster than she could. Our minds were, therefore, soon at ease about being captured in a run by "such a tub as that." It was not our object to run clean away, because we might have gone so far off as to preclude us from running in that night, and the captain was determined on making the attempt. Only a moderate rate of speed was therefore maintained, so as to give hope to our pursuer, and draw her away a reasonable distance from the vicinity of our harbor, and thus decrease the danger of running in. This was managed admirably; for when it was considered that we had gone nearly far enough, our speed was increased, and we very soon ran out of sight. We then doubled back toward the place where the chase commenced.

Night again covered us with her mantle, and we bowled along finely, anticipating no further trouble about getting in. We had effectually disposed of one stumbling-block in our way—the frigate that had chased us. My spirits began to revive. Nothing now seemed to be in the way of a prosperous voyage. On approaching the vicinity of where the blockading fleet ought to have been our speed was decreased, until we were apparently merely drifting along. At length the word was passed to "drive ahead." We flew through the water. Fort Sumter, according to some, was clearly visible, when *thump, thud, thud* was heard and felt by every soul on board, and the engines ceased to work. My first thought was that the entire machinery had fallen through the bottom, and that we would sink the next minute. It was not quite so bad as that, but it might as well have been, so far as the result was concerned. A short examination proved that some vital part of the machinery had got broken or twisted. I did not know which, neither did I care. The fact that such an accident had occurred was enough. The wind had risen to a gale, and we were pitching and tossing on the rough waters, utterly helpless. I became utterly indifferent to my fate, and lay down in the quietest corner of the deck and slept soundly. Meantime every available hand had been called down to the engine-room. The work to do was entered into desperately and quickly, so that in a few hours the damage was patched up, and we were again in motion. There was time even then to get in, if the machinery would only stand to us. Vain hope for those who entertained one! For once on this voyage I was not disappointed. We had not made over two miles when the wounded part of the engine gave way, and we were again brought to a dead halt when within half an hour's sail from port. Instant effort was however made to repair somehow and get going again; but the damage proved to be greater than at the first accident. It was the work of hours, and daylight would be upon us before she could possibly have been put in motion.

Daylight did come, very much too quickly, and we were laboring heavily and helplessly on the then very rough sea. Our only hope was that the wind had driven us many miles away from the fleet; and it did. But as soon as we could see around us we beheld, not five miles distant, our pursuer of the day before, returning from what she had considered a fruitless chase.

Yes, there she was, in good condition, and we utterly helpless, a mere hulk, pitching and tossing—now on the top of a huge wave, and next groaning in the trough of the sea. What could we have done? Nothing, except to quietly surrender, scuttle, or blow up our ship. I preferred the first, as running away was impossible. In a very short space of time our enemy bore down upon us, apparently so swiftly that my ideas regarding her speed underwent considerable modification from the day previous. When within about a quarter of a mile of us she hove to; a boat full of armed men was quickly lowered into the boiling sea, and in five minutes reached our side. Just before this boat got to our steamer one was lowered by some of our crew, into which our lady passengers were placed, and into which I smuggled myself. I had had enough of my steamer, and was very anxious to make a change as quickly as possible. On reaching the frigate it was with great difficulty that the ladies were transferred to the landing-stage, owing to the violent tossing of the little boat and the rolling of the big one, but as soon as it was accomplished the rest of us were peremptorily ordered to return to our own vessel. I, however, had no idea of going back if I could possibly avoid it; and watching my opportunity jumped on the staging, and in a few seconds my small boat was a hundred yards off. They could not help taking me in then, and when I reached the deck I must have been a pitiable object to look at. I was hungry, very dirty, more than half drowned, and not half clad. On informing the officers that I was merely a passenger and a foreigner I was taken into the ward-room (the officers' quarters), and furnished with all the material to look and feel like a gentleman again. To be once more clean, clothed, in comfortable quarters, and agreeable society, was certainly a luxury; but my disappointment was very bitter, nevertheless, at finding myself at last under the protecting guns of the Federal Government, instead of being at that time in Charleston, as I had anticipated.

It may be as well to mention here as elsewhere that, had we not met with the accident to our machinery, it was ascertained that, from our position, there was nothing in the way to prevent us from going directly into port on the night previous to our capture; but the most mortifying discovery was in learning that the steamer we had twice encountered on the first night of our attempt to run in, was not a blockader, but, like ourselves, a blockade runner. She had run away from us, as we did from her, but having met with no other accident she went in safely early on the following night. Had we only known each other, both would have been in Charleston, without any hindrance, in less than three days from Nassau! Such accidents, which are incident to the *trade*, have occurred, and will occur frequently, much to the profit of the blockading fleet. It might be asked why the runners did not have signals by which they could recognize each other. Indeed, I asked that very question myself while in Nassau. The answer was simple and conclusive. A signal, to be good for any thing, must be addressed to the eye or ear—say a colored light, a series of lights, or a gun, and a watchful blockader can see or hear these quite as readily as a runner. No, each runner is and must be a sort of Ishmael, going on the principle that if his own hand is not against every man every man's hand is against him.

The boarding party from the frigate took possession of every thing and every body as soon as it reached the deck, and the officer in command, as soon as he ascertained the cause of so easy a capture, had the engine fires put out, and as thorough examination of her hold made as circumstances would permit. He was much relieved to find that there was no unusual quantity of water making; in fact, that the captured vessel was not scuttled. A great deal had to be done in the way of transferring crew, passengers, clothes-bags, and other things to the captor, and the communication between the two was rapid and frequent. A fresh boat's crew had, however, to be sent nearly each trip, because the returning men were, almost to a man, exceedingly jolly—much to the surprise, at first, of some of the naval officers. Many, in fact nearly all of the crew of our steamer, had their ventures, or part of them, in rum and whisky, which was stowed away in every available corner or hiding-place; consequently, when the jolly tars got on board, their brethren of the sea had, I suppose, a friendly feeling for them. There was a tap at their elbows on deck and below—any where, every where, except directly in the face of the officer. Those who were inclined got all they wanted, and more than was actually good for them. These incidents were, however, soon over. The capture was made complete, a crew put on board, and she was taken in tow. I then vividly realized that I was a prisoner.

I remained in the frigate some eight or ten days on the "Station," and must say that during that time I was treated with very great kindness; and when orders came to have us all transferred to a Government vessel going North with the prize, I parted from my kind messmates in the ward-room with regret.

A few days more and the harbor of New York was reached. We, the prisoners, were all transferred to another ship near the Navy-yard, and I was huddled in among the entire crew and passengers. I was called for on the third day of my captivity, and informed, after a very brief examination, that I was free to go where I pleased, provided I gave my parole to appear at the Commissioners' Court on Friday, and on other days when requested. I cheerfully accepted the conditions, bade adieu to my late companions, who were less fortunate, and soon found myself again comfortably settled in a hotel, almost a freeman.

It has now evidently become more dangerous to reach the Confederacy than ever before. My desire, however, has grown upon me to reach there notwithstanding all I have gone through. I can not wait until the Federal forces get possession of my town, though that may happen any day. I can not even await the next trip of the steamer *Corsica*, as she sailed only three days ago, and she will not sail again for nearly four weeks. There is a schooner up and nearly loaded for Bermuda, and I have very serious notions of taking passage in her, and trying my fortune from that island. At all events I shall sail either for there or Nassau before the week is out, and fervently hope that I shall have "better luck next time."

THE GREAT BOSTON ORGAN.

WE publish on page 788 an illustration (taken from the photograph in the possession of the artists, Gustave Herter & Brother, of this city) of the great Boston organ, regarding which public curiosity has been so excited.

Our space will not permit us to give more than extracts from the most reliable authors, describing the instrument itself with its house and the different parts; but these will be sufficient, with the illustration, to convey a just idea of the grand proportions of this truly wonderful achievement in mechanism and art. The originator of the great work has justly earned the first place in the history of the great organs. We extract from Professor Holmes's fine tribute to him:

It is mainly to the persistent labors of a single individual that our community is indebted for the privilege it now enjoys in possessing an instrument of the supreme order such as make cities illustrious by their presence. That which is on the lips of all can wrong no personal susceptibilities to tell in print; and when we say that Boston owes the great organ chiefly to the personal efforts of Dr. J. Baxter Upham, the statement is only for the information of distant readers.

The result of two voyages to Europe, undertaken by Dr. Upham expressly for the purpose of examining the most famous organs and organ-factories of Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Great Britain, was the contract with Freiderich Walcker of Ludwigsberg, Kingdom of Würtemberg (to whom Europe is indebted for the noblest specimens of these instruments), for building the great instrument that was so enthusiastically looked upon and listened to on the night of November 2.

The following description will be read with interest:

The great organ is a choir of nearly 6000 vocal throats. Its largest wind-pipes are 32 feet in length, and a man can crawl through them. Its finest tubes are too small for a baby's whistle. Eighty-nine stops produce the various changes and combinations of which its immense orchestra is capable, from the purest solo of a singing nun to the loudest chorus, in which all its groups of voices have their part in the full flow of its harmonies. Four manuals, or *hand key-boards*, and two pedals, or *foot key-boards*, command these several systems—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ, the great organ, and the *piano-forte* organ. Twelve pairs of bellows, moved by water-power derived from the Cochituate reservoir, furnish the breath which pours itself forth in music. Those beautiful effects, for which the organ is incomparable, the crescendo and diminuendo, the gradal rise of sound from the lowest murmur to the loudest blast, and the dying fall by which it steals gently back into silence, the dissolving views, so to speak, of harmony, are not only provided for in the swell organ, but may be obtained by special adjustments from the several systems of pipes and from the entire instrument. In absolute power and compass the Music Hall organ ranks among the three or four mightiest instruments ever built. In the perfection of all its parts, and in its whole arrangements, it challenges comparison with any the world can show. We take our stand, we will suppose, in the upper balcony, near the Apollo, and confront the organ. We see what we have been accustomed to hear called, in our familiarity with smaller instruments, the case of the organ.

An instrument which in itself combines eighty or ninety instruments (stops, registers) through all their compass with nearly six thousand pipes or voices, with all the mechanism for reaching, breathing through, and sounding each or all of these at will, for blending them in chords, combining them in larger groups or choirs, contrasting them in pitch, etc., with all its curious contrivances for lightening the touch, swelling and diminishing the sound, rolling up a mountainous crescendo of stop upon stop, from a single softest one to the full force of them all; such an instrument is not to be put into a case, but, being built up

in the grand proportions of a temple, it has its house built around it. In a noble instance like the present, where an artistic inspiration, a unity of idea, a sense of vital correspondence of the inward and outward presides over and pervades all, the house or outward temple seems rather to have grown up with that which it both hides and reveals, to have risen in its symmetry and grandeur to the music (heard by a fine inner sense) of the organ soul. Nor does the term house do sufficient justice to the beautiful design before us. It is in some sense the body of the organ, the outward visible embodiment of its interiors. Not, to be sure, like the animal or human body, itself composed of organs; but the body of the idea of the organ, the shadowing forth by correspondence of its co-working inner parts and uses, the typifying of all its history and prophecy, as music itself typifies the whole course and prophecy of life.

The structure is of black walnut, and is covered with carved statues, busts, masks, and figures in the boldest relief. In the centre a richly ornamented arch contains the niche for the key-boards and stops. A colossal mask of a singing woman looks from over its summit. The pediment above is surmounted by the bust of Johann Sebastian Bach. Behind this rises the lofty central division containing pipes; and crowning it is a beautiful sitting statue of St. Cecilia, holding her lyre. On each side of her a griffin sits as a guardian. This centre is connected by harp-shaped compartments filled with pipes to the two great round towers, one on each side, and each containing three colossal pipes. These magnificent towers come boldly forward into the hall, being the most prominent as they are the highest and stateliest part of the façade. At the base of each, a gigantic half-caryatid, in the style of the ancient hermæ, but finished to the waist, bends beneath the superincumbent weight, like Atlas under the globe. These figures are of wonderful force, the muscular development excessive, but in keeping with their superhuman task. At each side of the base, two lion-hermæ share in the task of the giant. Over the base rises the round pillars which support the dome, and inclose the three great pipes already mentioned. Graceful as these look in their positions, half a dozen men might creep into one of them and be hidden. The three great pipes are crowned by a heavily sculptured, ribbed rounded dome; and this surmounted on each side by two cherubs, whose heads almost touch the lofty ceiling. This whole portion of the sculpture is of eminent beauty. All the reliefs that run around the lower portion of the dome are of singular richness.

The whole base of the instrument, in the intervals of the figures described, is also covered with elaborate carvings. Groups of musical instruments, standing out almost detached from the back-ground, occupy the panels. Ancient and modern, clustered with careless grace and quaint variety, from the violin down to a string of sleigh-bells, they call up all the echoes of forgotten music, such as the thousand-tongued organ blends together in one grand harmony. As we return to the impression produced by the grand façade, we are more and more struck with the subtle art displayed in its adaptations and symbolisms. Never did any structure we have looked upon so fully justify Madame de Staël's definition of architecture—"frozen music."

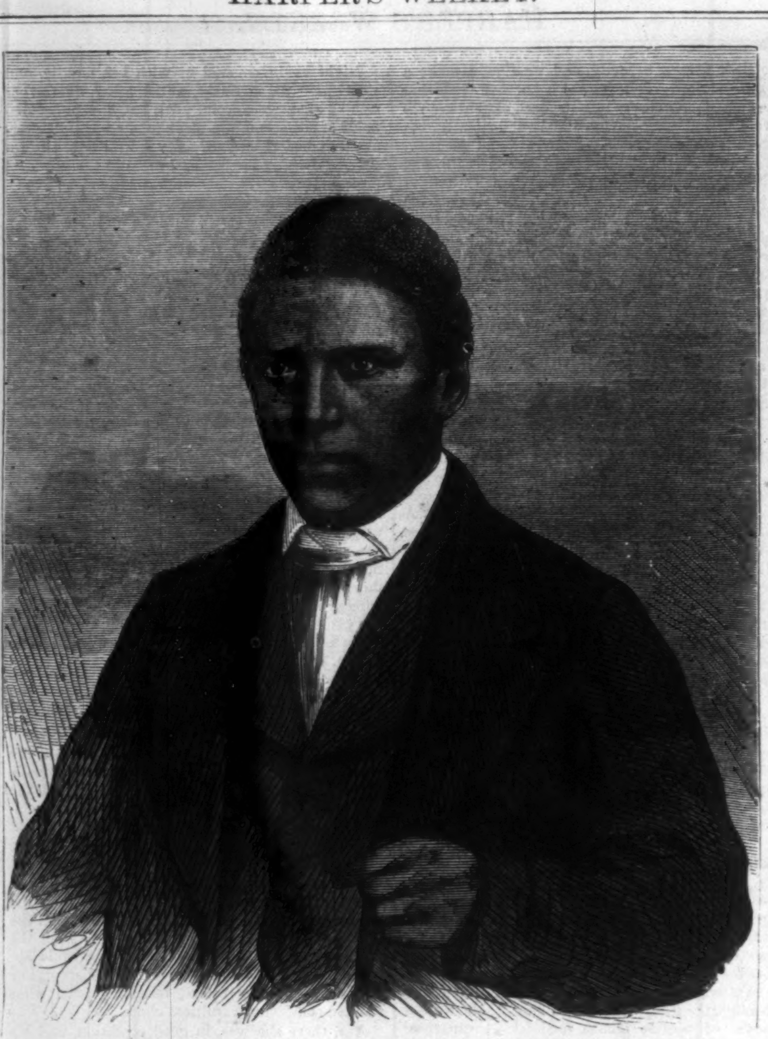
The outermost towers, their pillars and domes, are all square, their outlines thus passing without too sudden transition from the sharp square angles of the vaulted ceiling, and the rectangular lines of the walls of the Hall itself, into the more central parts of the instrument, where a smoother harmony of outline is predominant. For in the great towers, which step forward, as it were, to represent the meaning of the entire structure, the lines are all curved, as if the slight discords which give sharpness and variety to its less vital portions were all resolved as we approach its throbbing heart. And again, the half-fantastic repetition of musical forms in the principal outlines—the lyre-like shape of the bases of the great towers, the harp-like figure of the connecting wings, the clustering reeds of the columns—fill the mind with musical suggestions, and dispose the wondering spectator to become the entranced listener.

Dr. Upham thus officially reports of the organ-house and its artist-builders:

In regard to the architectural form and enshrinement of the instrument I have time to say but a word. This part of the work the directors approached with no little diffidence and doubt.

No structure of the kind that could be found in Europe appeared to meet the somewhat anomalous position that was to be occupied. It was only after months and years of patient effort and trial that the present fitting habitation for so noble an instrument could be obtained. The germ of the structure is a design by Hammatt Billings. His were the outlines of general form and proportion. But in its present embodiment, if we except the cherubs on the tops of the high towers, the germ alone remains. The finally adopted plan, in all its artistic and elaborate beauty and grandeur, belongs to the brothers Gustave and Christian Herter, of New York, whose designs, when submitted to Mr. Billings, were pronounced by him, with characteristic frankness and unselfishness, to be superior to his own, and urged upon the acceptance of the committee. It is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise of the care, attention, and conscientious application on the part of Mr. Herter himself and all in his employ to the work during the two years and more of its construction.—Be it the artist (who in the person of Christian Herter is with us to-night), from whose brain leaped forth, Minerva-like, the finest forms of human and ideal things, or the sculptor by whose cunning these were stiffened into shape and fixed in the willing wood—the modelers in clay and plaster—the carvers, carpenters, and finishers—all labored with one mind toward the perfect result.

The inauguration of the great organ was a most imposing ceremonial.



REV. H. M. TURNER, CHAPLAIN FIRST UNITED STATES COLORED REGIMENT.

REV. H. M. TURNER.

WE publish herewith a portrait of Rev. H. M. TURNER, the first man of color ever commissioned a chaplain in the United States service.

The Rev. H. M. Turner is a native of South Carolina, and is now near thirty-one years of age. He was born in the vicinity of Newberry Court House, grew up to a good-sized boy on the cotton fields with the slaves, and learned to read by his own efforts. His mother, marrying in Abbeville village, carried him there, where he waited on some lawyers, who became so much impressed with his talent, that, in defiance of the prohibition of the law, they took pleasure in instructing him. He would listen to them talk and speak, and then go in the woods and repeat what he had heard. Thus his mind developed, and in his seventeenth year he became a member of the Methodist church. He was licensed to preach in his twentieth year, and displayed such intelligence in his first sermon that he made quite a sensation. From this time forth he attracted great crowds wherever he went.

Eventually his name became so well known that white churches were often thrown open to him of all denominations—a circumstance almost unknown, for the law of South Carolina strictly forbids colored men preaching. He traveled through Savannah (Georgia), Montgomery (Alabama), and Mobile, where he was known as the *Negro Spurgeon*, and every one, white and colored, was rife to see and hear him. After visiting nearly all the great Southern cities, he settled at St. Louis, Missouri, and joined the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Payne sent him to Baltimore city. In April, 1862, Bishop Payne again sent him to Washington city, to take charge of the large colored church known as the Israel Bethel Church. Here his reputation soon rose, and it was nothing strange last winter to see on Sunday evenings several Congressmen sitting about in the church. In August, 1862, he delivered a sermon on the policy of organizing colored soldiers, which was published in the Washington *Republican*, and created some stir, and at first considerable opposition. He persevered, however, till he and others friendly to the move were allowed to commence to recruit the regiment of which he is now chaplain. He was commissioned chaplain on the 10th of last September, entered upon active service a few days afterward, and is now with his regiment on his way to Texas to reinforce the gallant army which is led by General Banks.

Mr. Turner is a man of great personal courage: he fears no man and nothing. In large assemblies he can command attention when few others could. His size is ordinary, with yellow complexion and very sharp features.

THE SWAMP ANGEL.

ANGELS of good and ill are every where;
  They haunt the city and the cottage lone;
Their seen or unseen presence fills the air,
  And feels the stir of every laugh or moan.

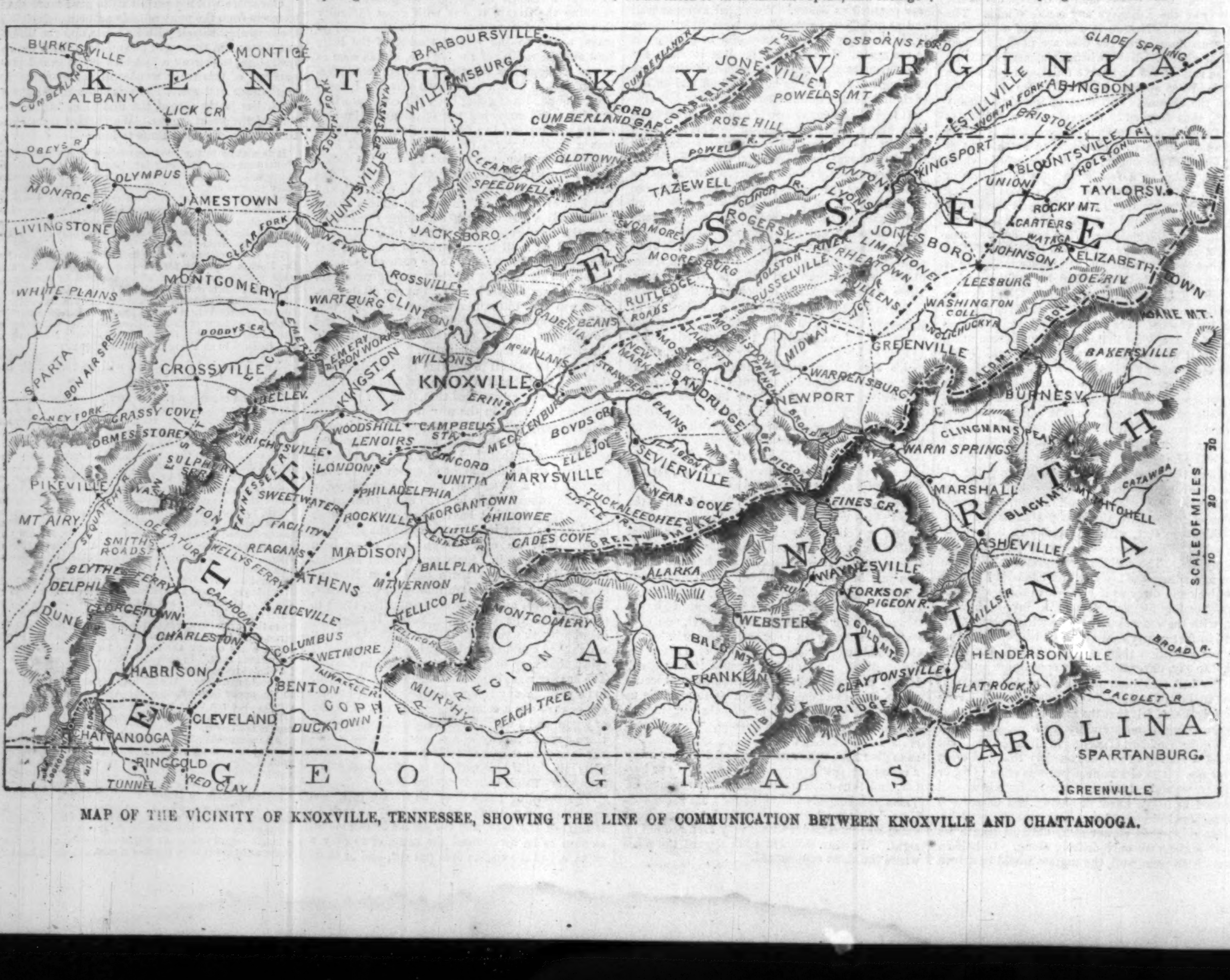
And frequent the good angels are the bane
  Of evil men, who name them evil things;
And darkest ministers of death and pain
  Oft bear the angel light upon their wings.

So are they changed. The angel of the wind,
  That speeds the sailor swiftly o'er the flood,
Is the sea demon of the crew behind,
  Whose hands are eager for the stain of blood.

And many a mother has the angel blessed
  Of the dark swamp, as, with convulsive strain,
She clasps her wondering infant to her breast,
  While baffled blood-hounds lick their chops in vain.

Before the wicked city's traitor hold
  Stands a swamp angel all unangel wise;
Perhaps some bondman's prayer has made it bold,
  Thus to put off its old and unseen guise.

And it sends back the hound's deep-throated tone
  Full with the message of rebounding ill:
And the pale hunters curse it with a groan,
  For the swamp angel is a demon still.



MAP OF THE VICINITY OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, SHOWING THE LINE OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN KNOXVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA.

THE THEATRE OF GENERAL GRANT'S OPERATIONS, SHOWING THE COUNTRY BETWEEN CHATTANOOGA AND CHARLESTON.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LOVE generally makes a wise man act like a fool, and interest sometimes makes a fool act like a wise man.

"How do you like me, now?" asked a belle of her spouse, as she sailed into the room, with a sweeping train of muslin following her. "Well," said he, "to tell you the truth, it is impossible for me to like you *any longer*."

"Your wife's fat, but she's not handsome, Smith." "Well, Jones, that's expressing your opinion plump and plain, any how." "You are right, Smith, that's exactly my notion; she is very plump and very plain!"

SENSATION NOVELS.—*The Ghost and How to Lay Him.* Published in white sheets and a spirit wrapper in startling raw-headitions. Also, *The Skeleton Scullery Maid and the Sepulchral Sink.* Mouldie's, St. Paul's Church-yard. *The Mysteries of the Dark Forest; or, the Bloody Spot upon the Black Hand.* By Frightful Horror, Esq.

Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the centre of one.

What are the points of difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald head, and a gorilla? The Prince of Wales is heir apparent; an orphan has ne'er a parent; a bald head has no hair apparent; and a gorilla has a hairy parent.

An alderman lately lost his appetite, and the unlucky finder, being a poor man with a large family, was ruined in less than a fortnight.

Quin told Lady Berkeley that she looked blooming as spring; but, recollecting that the season was not then very promising, he added, "Would to Heaven the spring would look like your ladyship!"

"Madam, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby." "Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts."

In a country church-yard we find this epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath this text—"Their warfare is accomplished!"

Many seek solace for their troubles in the gay French capital. They think the best plaster for their wounds is the plaster of Paris.

A CURIOSITY.—In the [illegible] London a violin is exhibited, at [illegible] property of a gentleman in fine con[illegible]

If the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

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HISTORY OF CHARLES THE BOLD, DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

BY JOHN FOSTER KIRK.

Two volumes........8vo........With Portrait.

Mr. John Foster Kirk, whose intimate relations with the late Wm. H. Prescott are well known, has just completed Vols. I. and II. of his History of Charles the Bold, and the Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that this important contribution to our historical literature will be ready for publication early in December.

This remarkable epoch treated by Mr. Kirk is full of grand historical figures, and by his narrative an entirely new light is thrown on some of the most important events in Charles's career. His position as the "Napoleon of the Middle Ages" is fully indicated, and the influence is traced both of the ambition and of his fall upon the destinies of the principal European States.

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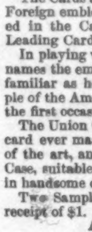

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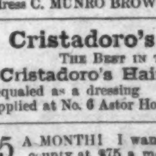

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